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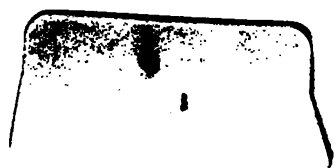
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# **"LADY HANCOCK"**

**A STORY OF THE  
AMERICAN REVOLUTION**

1

**BY**

**MARY ELIZABETH SPRINGER**

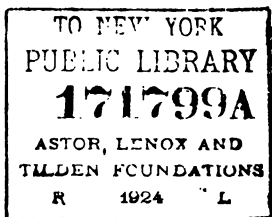


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**TO**  
**JOSEPH ALDEN SPRINGER,**  
**THIS VOLUME**  
**IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED**  
**BY**  
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# CONTENTS.

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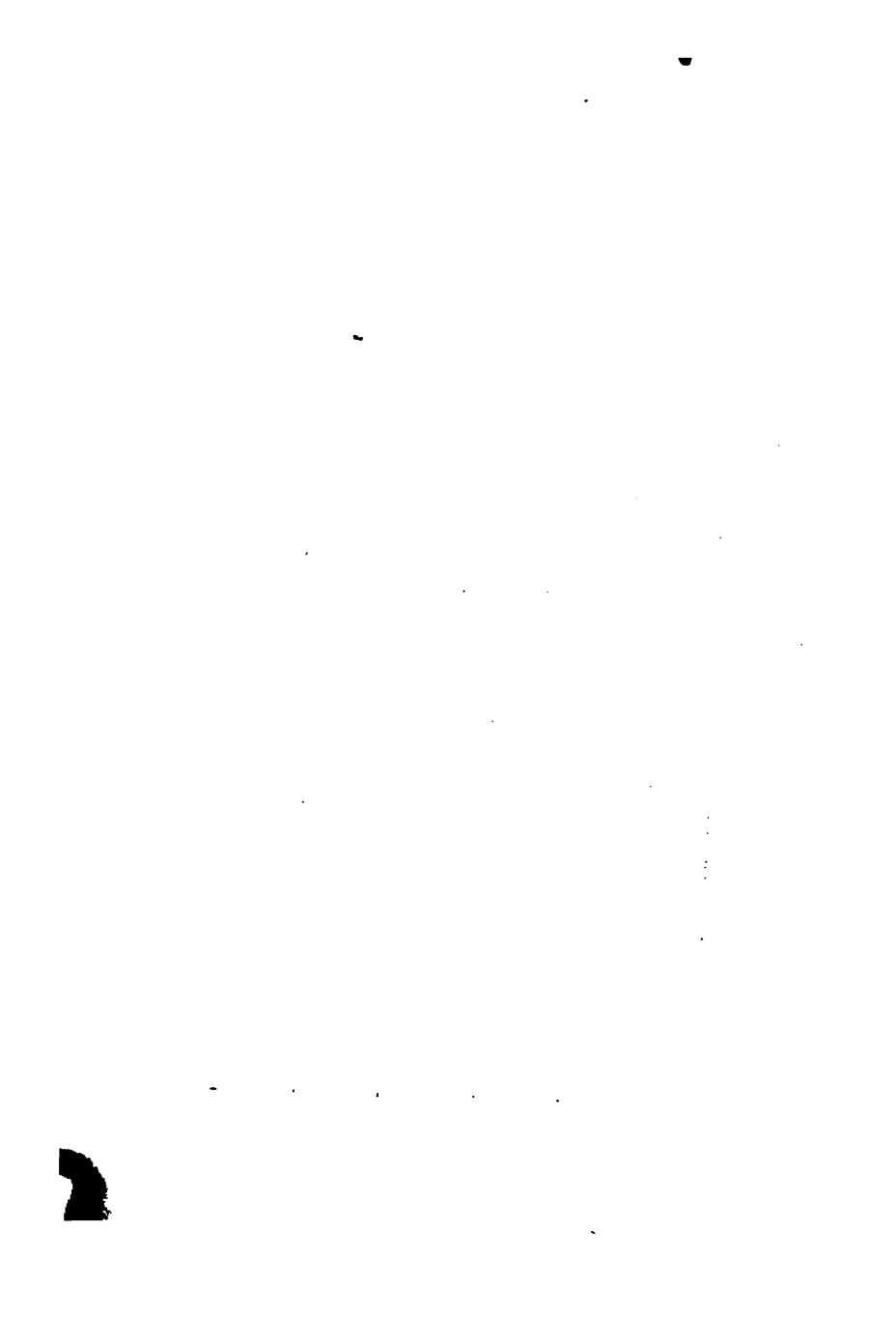
CHAPTER I.	
A Midnight Warning.....	PAGE 5
CHAPTER II.	
The Lover's Quarrel.....	22
CHAPTER III.	
Dorothy is Captured by Indians.....	29
CHAPTER IV.	
Dorothy and Major Crane.....	41
CHAPTER V.	
Dorothy's Wedding.....	58
CHAPTER VI.	
Evacuation of Boston.....	67
CHAPTER VII.	
Declaration of Independence.....	72
CHAPTER VIII.	
First Anniversary .....	76
CHAPTER IX.	
Dorothy in Philadelphia.....	78
CHAPTER X.	
The Marquis of Lafayette.....	85
CHAPTER XI.	
Valley Forge.....	97

	PAGE
<b>CHAPTER XII.</b>	
Lafayette's Services.....	105
<b>CHAPTER XIII.</b>	
Battle of Monmouth.....	108
<b>CHAPTER XIV.</b>	
Delivering the Twig.....	112
<b>CHAPTER XV.</b>	
Expedition to Rhode Island.....	115
<b>CHAPTER XVI.</b>	
Massacres.....	117
<b>CHAPTER XVII.</b>	
Hannah Moody.....	119
<b>CHAPTER XVIII.</b>	
Count D'Estaing.....	129
<b>CHAPTER XIX.</b>	
Captain Scott.....	145
<b>CHAPTER XX.</b>	
A Naval Encounter.....	162
<b>CHAPTER XXI.</b>	
Dorothy and Guy.....	174
<b>CHAPTER XXII.</b>	
Dark Day in Boston.....	183
<b>CHAPTER XXIII.</b>	
The Quincys.....	187
<b>CHAPTER XXIV.</b>	
Hancock's Forebodings.....	201
<b>CHAPTER XXV.</b>	
Washington.....	204

## CONTENTS.

vii

CHAPTER XXVI.	PAGE
Surrender of Cornwallis.....	208
CHAPTER XXVII.	
Lafayette's Return to France.....	216
CHAPTER XXVIII.	
Mehitable's Wedding.....	222
CHAPTER XXIX.	
Gov. Hancock's Death.....	230
CHAPTER XXX.	
The Long-Lost Will.....	240
CHAPTER XXXI.	
The Young Republic.....	247
CHAPTER XXXII.	
Lafayette in the French Revolution.....	250
CHAPTER XXXIII.	
Death of Captain Scott.....	254
CHAPTER XXXIV.	
Frances.....	260
CHAPTER XXXV.	
Boston.....	266



# “LADY HANCOCK”

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## CHAPTER I.

### THE MIDNIGHT WARNING.

FOR ten years previous to the Battle of Lexington, the mutterings of discontent had been swelling louder and louder throughout the colonies, and especially in Massachusetts—the hotbed of the American Revolution. Excessive taxation, the deprivation of their rights—of which the sturdy descendants of Puritans and Pilgrims were so jealous; the quartering of British troops on the town of Boston, and the numerous indignities heaped upon them by Great Britain, had brought about a climax.

These people, descendants of men who had left England to enjoy freedom of worship in a new world, on a virgin soil, free from the restraints and irksome bondage of monarchical institutions, had had their temper sorely tried by the mother country, which could not realize that her children were as high-spirited as herself, and that descendants of Anglo-Saxons, who had fought for their Magna Charta, and many of whom had shed their blood on the great battlefields of England, remained faithful to their principles and demanded to be gov-

erned with a gentle hand, for at the first touch of the whip, like a spirited horse, they would kick over the traces.

Historians in the following summary have recapitulated the principal events in Massachusetts which led to the outbreak of the Revolution:

The Stamp Act, in 1765; the Boston Massacre, in 1770; and the Boston Port Bill, in 1774.

The patriots in Massachusetts were convinced that their only remedy was to resort to arms, and they had been quietly arming themselves for the struggle; but with their usual farsighted wisdom and regard for the law, they desired that the British should strike the first blow and be the aggressors. The Provincial Assembly in Massachusetts held its regular meetings, and in 1774 the first Continental Congress assembled in Philadelphia. Samuel Adams and Joseph Warren, members of the Committee of Correspondence, sent a secret agent to Canada in 1774 to sound the people, but its legislative assembly made no response.

Meanwhile Congress was engaged in military preparations, and immediately after the first shot was fired at Lexington the patriots rallied to join the Continental Army, hastening from all parts of the country; the farmer leaving his plow, the husbandman his fields, the merchant his counting house, professional men their clients; the parson his flock—all ready to sacrifice life itself, as well as all their possessions, in the sacred cause of liberty.

On the eve of April 19th, the inhabitants of Boston were wrapped in slumber about the time that two men, muffled in their cloaks, hastened to the bank of the river. The younger exclaimed, as he scanned the horizon:

"Ah, there's the signal—two lanterns in the steeple of the North meeting house to warn me that the regulars have started for Lexington, on their way to Concord to destroy our stores. I have been told that they number eight hundred men. I must hurry away to Lexington to carry this news to Colonel Hancock and Mr. Adams, for if they fall into the hands of the British, farewell to our hopes of ever obtaining our rights."

"Yes," his companion added, "or of ever shaking off the British yoke, which we have borne too long already."

"Let us row across to Charleston," said Paul Revere. "My horse is already saddled, awaiting me on the opposite bank."

When they landed soon after, Paul Revere hastily took leave of his companion and jumping on his horse's back, dug his spurs into the side of his steed which, with a wild snort, disappeared into the gloom of night with his rider, to arouse the inhabitants of the country, on that memorable ride, rendered immortal in Longfellow's poem.

Lexington is not far from Boston, and shortly afterward Paul Revere drew up before Mr. Clark's parsonage, his horse reeking with sweat. Revere gave a deafening rap on the door with the brass knocker. Immediately a head



appeared at one of the upper windows, while a voice exclaimed:

"Who is making such a racket at this hour of the night when respectable folks ought to be in bed?"

"You'll have noise enough soon, if you don't get out of here in double-quick time, for the regulars are coming," Revere retorted.

John Hancock put his head out of a window just then, as he had recognized Revere's voice, and said:

"Come in, Revere; we are not afraid of you."

"Is Mr. Samuel Adams with you, Colonel Hancock?" Revere inquired. "I was informed that he was."

"Yes," Hancock replied. "He will be ready soon, as well as my aunt, Mrs. Hancock, and Miss Quincy, who will accompany us, for this is no place for ladies, if the British soldiers are upon our track."

"No, indeed, colonel," Revere answered, "and they might revenge themselves on you by keeping your affianced bride as a hostage. But pray be lively, sir, for I can hear the soldiers coming nearer and nearer, and they will soon be here. I have an ear as keen as an Indian's, and if you will listen, too, you'll hear their measured tread."

"Yes, indeed, and we must be off. Five minutes for a man to dress is quick work, but there, I hear my aunt and Miss Quincy, who must have slept with one eye open, for they are dressed already. We'll be down presently, Revere."

A few moments later Hancock, Adams and the two ladies hastened out of the house, and hurriedly saluted Revere, while Mrs. Clark stood at the door to speed her guests.

"Lose no time in idle compliments, but hasten away," Revere exclaimed. "And I'll keep watch until you are out of sight and then hurry off to arouse the country."

"Come with us, Revere," Colonel Hancock said.

"Oh, pray do, Mr. Revere," Miss Quincy added. "We are afraid you will fall into the hands of the British."

"Have no fear on my account. I only wish to give my horse a breathing spell before I proceed on my way to arouse the people. Lexington and Concord are like a powder train just waiting for a match to ignite. We shall soon have hot work, I assure you, for the patriots will never surrender our stores at Concord. Farewell, gentlemen, farewell, ladies, and now hurry away, I beseech you."

"Farewell, brave friend," Colonel Hancock exclaimed. "We thank you for saving us from falling into the enemy's clutches. You know the British bear a grudge against Adams and myself, and we are on England's black list."

"Farewell, Mr. Revere," the ladies echoed. "We are indeed indebted to you for your kindness."

"Paul Revere never deserts a friend in time of need," Revere replied. "Ladies, at your service."

Hancock leading Miss Quincy, and Mrs.

Hancock, leaning on Samuel Adams' arm, walked a short distance from the house, and got into the conveyance, which had hurriedly been prepared to take them to Woburn Precinct.

Paul Revere concealed himself behind a clump of trees, while the night breeze brought to his ears the tramp of the soldiers, approaching nearer and nearer.

The moonlight flickered through the thick foliage of the trees around the house, and a few moments later by the faint light which scarcely dispelled the shadows of night, Revere perceived a company of regulars, commanded by their captain, who stopped before the parsonage. The captain seized the brass knocker and gave a loud rat-a-tat. A window in the upper story was thrown open, and a woman's voice cried:

"Who's there?"

"Open in the king's name," the captain shouted in stentorian tones.

"What for?" the woman inquired.

"Is this Mr. Clark's?" the captain asked.

"Do you mean the parsonage or the tavern?" she replied.

"Mr. Clark's tavern I presume," the captain said hesitatingly.

"Oh, if you want the tavern it is over yonder," she said. "And I guess you can just see the faint outline in the distance, as the moon is still shining."

"Right about, march!" the captain shouted to his men, and off they went, their measured footsteps resounding in the silence of night.

As they moved off the housemaid said to herself:

"He is on the wrong track and I hope this is the last we shall see of those hateful Britishers."

Unfortunately before they had gone very far Revere's horse neighed. Revere dug his spurs into his flanks and galloped off, hotly pursued by the captain who had turned back on seeing him.

Realizing that escape was hopeless, and that the captain would soon overtake him, Revere directed his horse toward the parsonage, meanwhile pointing his pistol at the captain's head and shouting:

"Halt, or you are a dead man!"

Just at that moment Revere's horse threw him, but with ready presence of mind he cried as though addressing his men:

"Turn out, turn out, I have got one of them!"

As the captain had separated himself from his men, who were at some distance ahead, he muttered to himself:

"If that is your game I must be off!" So saying he galloped away at full speed to rejoin his company.

"Ha, ha, ha, the redcoat fell into the trap," said Revere, picking himself up. After recovering his breath, he took a short cut which brought him out ahead of the troops, and rode on arousing the people. But as he reached a fork in the road leading to Concord, he was seized by several British officers and soldiers, who held him prisoner.

"You have missed your aim, gentlemen," Revere exclaimed, on seeing that resistance was useless.

"What do you mean, you villain," they cried. "You'll soon find out for yourselves," Revere retorted, and then refused to say more, in spite of the threats and commands of his captors.

Later, in the ensuing confusion of the British retreat from Concord, Revere managed to escape and join the patriots.

General Gage succeeded Hutchinson in 1774, and doubtful what reception would be accorded to him by the rebellious town of Boston, at first he used diplomacy to endeavor to gain the esteem of the townsfolk. But he soon after threw off the mask, and revealed his true character as an arrogant, tyrannical ruler.

As early as September, 1774, General Gage had sent a detachment of troops to seize a quantity of gunpowder that belonged to Massachusetts, and which was stored at Charlestown and Cambridge. At this outrage an outbreak of the patriots was imminent. But the time for action was not ripe then, and on finding that the rumor was false, which had been bruited about of a massacre of the inhabitants of Boston by a bombardment from the fleet, the patriots concluded to await a more favorable opportunity. At that time thirty thousand men were ready to march on Boston at the word of command.

A convention of delegates was held September 6, 1774, and a memorial to General Gage was drawn up, informing him that the patriots did not desire to commence hostilities, nevertheless that they were determined not to submit

to any of the late acts of Parliament; and furthermore, they resented the fortifications recently erected on Boston Neck.

General Gage denounced the convention as an assembly of traitors, and his arrogance fanned the flames of contention.

Shortly after the Provincial Congress appointed a committee of safety on October 26, 1774, and placed John Hancock at the head, authorizing him to call out the militia, while sixty thousand dollars were raised to provide stores and ammunition for the patriots.

General Gage's ire was aroused by these symptoms of rebellion, and he issued a proclamation severely denouncing their proceedings, but his condemnation fell on deaf ears, as the American spirit was fully aroused.

At a session of the Provincial Congress, held November 23, 1774, it was voted to enroll twelve thousand minutemen, who were ready to enter the field at a moment's notice, and Rhode Island and Connecticut were requested to join hands with Massachusetts to increase the number still more.

Delegates were elected to the General Congress to meet at Philadelphia, May, 1775, and at the close of 1774 England was already aware of the warlike preparations going on, and in February, 1775, English troops were ordered to Salem, to seize several brass cannon and field-pieces stored in that town. And at that time the British were repulsed without bloodshed by Colonel Pickering, and a compromise was effected. A great number of the inhabitants of

Salem were at divine services on Sunday, when an express arrived with the intelligence that the British troops were marching on Salem to seize their stores. Therefore they all turned out, divine service was interrupted, and the preacher joined the patriots, because in those stirring times parsons as well as men of less peaceful calling were equally active, and ready to shoulder arms. Under their colonel they prevented the British troops from crossing the drawbridge.

American soil had again been trampled upon, March 30, 1775, at the time that Lord Percy, with five regiments, marched from Boston into the country, the bands playing martial strains, while the troops tramped through the fields, ruthlessly destroying the fruits of the farmers' labor.

A month or two previous, February 9, 1775, the Provincial Congress had boldly avowed their purpose of preventing any such excursions, or of allowing their territory to be invaded or injured by the British troops, and a large force of militia was holding itself in readiness for the ensuing struggle.

On the night of April 18th, while the moon was shining bright, eight hundred grenadiers embarked in boats and were rowed across to Lechmere's Point, as there were no bridges from Boston on any side in the year 1775.

After landing they took up a line of march through Cambridge toward Lexington.

The committee of safety had been in session on the day previous. Owing to the intelligence

received from Paul Revere, a few hours before, the alarm had already spread through Lexington, and at 2 o'clock A.M., on the 19th, one hundred and thirty militia under their captain, John Parker, had assembled on the Common, loading their muskets with powder and ball at his command.

After waiting for some time in the raw night air, as no signs of the troops were visible, the men were dismissed, with orders to reassemble at a given signal—the beat of the drum.

Many concluded that it was a false alarm, “a flash in the pan,” they called it, and yawning wearily, turned in.

But the brave Paul Revere had not been misinformed, as we know already, for Major Pitcairn, with six companies of light infantry was steadily advancing on Lexington, which place he reached about sunrise.

Spring was quite early in the year 1775, and on the leafless trees the swelling buds indicated an early blossoming. A few crocuses and daphnes timidly lifted their heads above the earth, as though not quite sure whether they would survive the chilly atmosphere, still quite frosty with the breath of dawn, while in the woods a few swallows twittered merrily, the first arrivals from the South, where they had migrated the previous fall. The snow had almost disappeared, except here and there, where a few patches were still visible. The air was redolent with the aromatic fragrance of fir and spruce trees from the neighboring woods. As the sun arose, dispelling the chilliness of



dawn, the atmosphere became softer, impregnated with the peculiar, vivifying effect of spring when nature, emerging from the death-like slumber of winter, is resurrected into new life and beauty.

Alas, that the quietude of that lovely spot was soon to be broken by the clang of the trumpet, the beat of the drum, and discharge of ball and cannon, while the life-blood of the patriots dyed the soil—the first blood shed in the American Revolution for the cause of freedom!

Captain Parker had been informed by one of his scouts that the English were about to enter Lexington, and he speedily assembled his men, to the number of eighty, north of the meeting house. Therefore when the troops arrived the Americans were in readiness to receive them.

Perceiving that the patriots were on the alert and disposed to cut off their advance toward Concord, the English officers halted, and commanded their troops to load, and advance at double-quick step to the attack.

According to tradition, Captain Parker had ordered his men not to shoot until the British had fired the first shot, but added:

“If they mean to have war, let it begin here.”

Major Pitcairn galloped forward, shouting:

“Disperse, ye rebels; disperse, ye villains. Lay down your arms. Why don't you disperse?”

None heeded him. The British soldiers, wrought to a high pitch of excitement, could no longer be kept back, and the first shot burst from their ranks, to which the Americans

promptly replied by another volley. But, finally, as the patriots were outnumbered, they fell back, shielding themselves behind the stone buildings and walls, and harassing the British on their march to Concord, keeping up an incessant fire. As a British officer said in a subsequent report: "From behind every hedge or tree a shot would come, making havoc in our ranks."

Major Pitcairn's horse was struck by a ball, and as the English troops were leaving Lexington six of the regulars were taken prisoners.

Meanwhile the Concord militia were on their guard, and had assembled to meet the foe, while they had been reinforced by minutemen from Lincoln and other neighboring towns.

Seeing that they were outnumbered by the British, the patriots fell back to a hill about eighty rods distant, where they were joined by Colonel Barrett, their commander. They determined to make a stand at the North Bridge, on the other side of the Concord River, while several English companies were sent to Colonel Barrett's house to destroy the magazine.

But they found that the Yankees had been shrewd enough to foil them, for the ammunition had already been removed to a place of safety. Another company was sent to South Bridge, but on hearing the sound of fighting at North Bridge, they rallied to that point, setting fire to the courthouse on the way.

A chance remark sometimes makes a man famous, and Isaac Davis, of the Act on Company, gave utterance to the following words which became historical:

"There's not a man in my company who is afraid to go."

Finally Colonel Barrett ordered the attack, and wheeling into marching order, the patriots advanced, their fifers playing the spirited tune: "The White Cockade."

Perceiving that the Americans were coming closer, Captain Laurie ordered his men to remove the planks from the bridge to intercept the patriots, and as soon as they were within gunshot the British opened fire, which the Americans returned so vigorously that they soon put the British to flight, and the provincials were left masters of the bridge.

Colonel Smith's reinforcements met Captain Laurie's retreating forces, but being intimidated by the increasing number of militia, they also joined in the retreat.

The whole country was aroused, and the minutemen kept flocking from every quarter and took a shot at the regulars whenever they got a chance, causing deadly havoc in their ranks.

"They seem to drop from the sky," an English trooper said.

The British were galled all the way back, and lost a number of men, as the minutemen, taking matters into their own hands, shot down a redcoat whenever they could.

Colonel Smith and his troops reached Lexington at 2 P.M., having left Concord at noon, on that eventful day, after marching thirty miles. They were joined by Lord Percy and a large reinforcement of nine hundred men, who

had started out from Boston in full feather at 9 o'clock, the bands playing "Yankee Doodle," in derision, because in those days this was the tune to which miscreants were drummed out of British regiments.

On their way through Roxbury, a little lad gleefully cried:

"Ha, ha, sir, you'll dance by and by to the tune of "Chevy Chase."

The young lad's remark rankled in Percy's mind all day long, because he was very superstitious. Furthermore, a tradition existed in his family in regard to "Chevy Chase," portending evil to his race. Earl Percy was slain during that disastrous battle, and his tragic end is embodied in Walter Scott's "Castle Dangerous," as well as in old English ballads.

"Long-nosed Percy," as some writers call him, and his troops met Colonel Smith's exhausted forces about 2 o'clock P.M. After a brief rest they concluded to return to Boston. Hostilities were kept up during their retreat, the patriots poured a galling fire on the British from the hedges and houses, while the English committed all sorts of atrocities—setting houses on fire, destroying private property, and ruthlessly killing innocent people. These acts greatly inflamed the militia, and they retaliated by attacking Percy's forces at West Cambridge, where a hot skirmish ensued. Dr. Warren and General Heath displayed their valor in the field, and in the fray a musket-ball knocked a pin out of Dr. Warren's ear-curl, but did no further injury.

After a short engagement the British pressed on their way toward Boston. A strong force was marching against them from Roxbury, Rochester, and Milton which they desired to avoid.

The greatest excitement prevailed all day long; schools were dismissed, shops closed, and many of Boston's panic-stricken inhabitants prepared to leave town, as the most alarming rumors were current. The English lost 65 killed, 180 wounded, and 28 prisoners on that eventful day, while the patriot's loss is given as 59 killed, 39 wounded, and 5 missing.

The crestfallen Britishers returned to Boston with drooping feathers, their spirits down to zero, and when questioned as to how the Yankees had fought, their brief remark was:

"Like devils!"

The *London Gazette* announced this event with the concluding observation: "Too much praise cannot be given to Lord Percy for his remarkable activity all day."

In reply a sarcastic patriot said that this was an ambiguous compliment, as the invidious reader might suppose that Lord Percy displayed it like the swift-footed Achilles, with a light pair of heels.

Few battles ever fought have been so important and significant as the Battle of Lexington and of Concord, although the number of men gathered on that occasion could not compare with the overwhelming forces brought into the field by Frederick the Great or Napoleon I. later on the battlefields of Europe. But on that

day the first blow for freedom was struck, and the American people arose in arms to throw off Great Britain's tyrannical yoke, to assert their independence as inhabitants of a new world, the natural abode of liberty.

"Freedom under the constitution, with a guiding Providence to lead us," is the paramount principle of American government, instituted by our forefathers.

News did not travel so rapidly in those days as in our age of telegraph wires, steamboats, and railroads, for all those inventions were not known in the eighteenth century. The first express with the news of the battle of Lexington reached Williamsburg on the morning of April 29th. And the express leaving Watertown on the morning of the 19th passed through Worcester, Massachusetts, Brookline, Norwich, New London, Lyme, Saybrook, East Guilford, Guilford, Branford, and New Haven, and arrived at Fairfield on the 22d and at New York on the 23d. It left for Philadelphia shortly after, and reached that town on the following day.

When the news was received at Baltimore, the patriots in that town seized the provincial magazine, with fifteen hundred stands of arms. The news stirred the patriotism of both north and south, and the call to arms was enthusiastically responded to by patriots all over the land.

## CHAPTER II.

## A LOVER'S QUARREL.

JOHN HANCOCK, Samuel Adams and the two ladies drove over to Woburn Precinct, Burlington, which they reached early in the morning. They were cordially received by Mrs. Jones at the Precinct parsonage, and breakfast was served soon after.

At the conclusion of the meal, Mrs. Jones left them in the parlor, while she sent a servant to a neighboring inn, to order the hostler to harness horses to the post-chaise which was to convey them beyond the enemy's reach. The room was plainly furnished with high-backed chairs and sofa. When we consider the uncomfortable furniture used in colonial days, we cannot wonder that our ancestors had such stiff backs, and were such a stiff-necked race.

The ceiling of the room was very low, and the only attempt at adornment was a worsted sampler, and a few coarse prints on the wall.

Becoming impatient at the delay, Mr. Adams went out to superintend the hostler's task, which he was clumsily executing, rubbing his eyes with his red hands, as he was still half-asleep.

"Aunt," John Hancock said to Mrs. Hancock, "Mr. Adams will conduct you and Dorothy to a place of safety, but I shall join our brave men at Lexington. You may well surmise what the result will be. The British troops will soon reach this place, and there will be bloodshed. I want to be on the spot when the first blow is struck in the cause of freedom. My whole soul is on fire when I invoke the sacred name of Liberty, and no sacrifice is too great to attain it."

On hearing these words, Mrs. Hancock and Dorothy both threw themselves into his arms and clung to him, while the tears ran down their cheeks.

"Do not leave us, John!" Dorothy exclaimed. "It would break my heart if anything should happen to you."

"John," his aunt added, "your first duty is to your country, and you can aid it better by your wise counsels at the Continental Congress. Besides, you have promised to be there, and should not break your word."

"Yes, John, pray listen to reason," Dorothy rejoined. "You can serve your country better by keeping your head on your shoulders, than by losing your life on the battlefield by a British bullet."

"How can I stand still, while I know that our brave men are imperiling their lives for their country, and that their lifeblood will soon dye American soil. No, I would be unworthy of my rank as colonel of militia should I refuse to join the patriots while the first shot is fired



for freedom. General Gage affronted me by dismissing me from the command of the Governor's Independent Cadets, a short time ago, which immediately disbanded, and delivered up their standard, because they would not submit to such an insult to their colonel. Now I wish to show Gage the stuff I am made of and that we are not to be coerced or driven. He has not heeded the timely warning we gave him; on his head be the consequences. I must go, and I shall bid you farewell within a few moments."

"Dear John, do not leave us, I beseech you!" Dorothy cried.

"John," added his aunt, "ever since your uncle died you are my main stay, the only one I have to look to, and I pray you, do not leave a lone widow in distress."

Samuel Adams entered just then, and turning to him, Mrs. Hancock added:

"Oh, Mr. Adams, I beseech you, add your entreaties to ours, and try to persuade my nephew not to enter the field at present, which would be a rash, foolhardy act; as his presence is required at Philadelphia."

"Am I to yield to womanish fears?" Hancock said. "No, I must be off, and be with our brave men when the first shot is fired. Farewell, aunt; farewell, Dorothy; farewell."

"Really, Colonel Hancock," Mr Adams said in an earnest tone, "I do not think that you are doing right to desert the ladies in such a strait, and in risking your life, which is so valuable to your country. Furthermore, you have promised to be at Philadelphia, and your promise

should be sacred. And we shall barely have time to reach there before Congress opens. You are in duty bound to proceed to Philadelphia immediately."

"Perhaps you are right," Hancock thoughtfully said.

"As for me, I shall return to my father's house at once," Dorothy said.

"No, indeed, madam, you shall not return to Boston so long as there is a British red-coat left in Boston. I will not have those rascals making eyes at you," Hancock exclaimed with jealous wrath.

"Shall not? Indeed, Mr. Hancock, I wish you to understand that I am not yet under your control, and I am my own mistress. I shall return to my father's house, and neither you nor any other man shall prevent me," Miss Quincy added, tossing her head.

"Tut, tut, child, do not be so hasty," Mrs. Hancock exclaimed. "Do not desert your old friend, I pray you."

While this conversation was going on, Adams discreetly retired, with true New England tact, to leave the lovers alone, saying as he went:

"I'll go to see whether the coach is ready."

"You are my promised bride, Dorothy, and as such must obey me," Hancock declared with compressed lips and flashing eyes.

"Obey, indeed, sir. We'll omit that clause altogether, and besides there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip," Dorothy retorted.

"Very well, madam, if you do not respect my wishes, if you do not care for me sufficiently

to do as I deem proper, just after I have yielded to your womanish fears, the least said the sooner mended. You go your way and I'll go mine. And I'll join our brave patriots at Lexington. If I am shot down by a British bullet, so much the better, madam."

At that moment a discharge of musketry was heard, the clang of the alarm bell broke the silence of night, and loud cries of American patriots resounded from afar.

Colonel Hancock caught up his hat, and was about to rush out, but Dorothy seized his arm and clung to him desperately, saying:

"Oh, no, John, do not leave me, I beseech you, I will yield to your wishes. I will not return to Boston now, just to please you. Do not let us part in anger, while your life is in such imminent peril."

"I beseech you, John, do not be rash," Mrs. Hancock added.

"Pray be reasonable, or you'll break my heart," Dorothy exclaimed, bursting into tears.

"If all the women held the men back as you do me, there would not be much fighting done," John Hancock replied.

"Oh, John, you know you are needed at Philadelphia," Dorothy added, choking down her sobs, "and you have promised to go there."

"Perhaps you are right," Hancock thoughtfully added. "And I may be better able to aid my country's cause in Congress than in fighting the redcoats now. Well, then, Adams and I will escort you a little distance farther, and put you in a place of safety, before pro-

ceeding on our journey. Afterward you and my aunt must repair to Mrs. Burr's, at Fairfield, and I shall join you at her manor-house in August. And our wedding must take place shortly after. Foreseeing this event, I have obtained your father's consent already, Dorothy, and I hope you will give me yours, dear."

"Why don't you wait until these trying times are over, John?" his aunt said.

"Oh, how can we think of our own happiness, John, when the fortune of our country is at stake?" Dorothy exclaimed.

"Choose at once between me and Boston, Dorothy. You know I have given my word to proceed to Philadelphia, and your father is willing we should get married soon. See, here is his letter in answer to mine. And I need you by my side to be my ministering angel, to sweeten my hours of toil and care. We do not know how long this struggle will last, for our people are determined to fight for their rights to the bitter end. And for some time past they have been arming for the struggle. Adams and I are on England's black list, and if we are caught we shall be strung up as traitors. If you will yield to my desire (and I now plead humbly as becomes a suitor for your fair hand, rather than assert the right your plighted troth gives me), on my return from Philadelphia we shall get married in August, and you will return to the City of Brotherly Love with me. Say, Dorothy, will you be mine?"

"Do put the poor man out of suspense, my dear," his aunt added.

Dorothy shyly extended her hand and said:  
"It shall be as you desire, John."

Hancock imprinted a kiss on her hand just as a knock was heard at the door.

"It is I," Adams said. "The coach is ready, ladies, and I have some news to communicate."

"We are ready. Pray come in, Mr. Adams, and tell us what has happened."

Adams entered the room, saying:

"A minuteman just passed by, and he has informed me that Captain Parker has dismissed the men with orders to be ready at the beat of the drum to meet the English, who have not yet reached the Common, but are on their way."

"Paul Revere could not have made a mistake, and furthermore we heard the soldiers in the distance," Hancock added.

"Oh, there's no doubt but they will arrive here soon enough, and we would better place ourselves beyond their reach," Adams replied.

"Very well, Mr. Adams, lead the way," Hancock said.

### CHAPTER III.

#### DOROTHY IS CAPTURED BY AN INDIAN.

IN August, 1775, the lovely village of Fairfield was at its best. The elm and maple trees formed a delightful shade for the dwellings, which were not built close together, but were detached and scattered over the ground. Mrs. Burr's manor-house was at some distance from the green, and stood quite near the woods, on a slight elevation. Several shade trees surrounded the house, and an arbor and garden enhanced its charms. Alas, that stately manor was doomed to be burned to the ground four years later by command of the tyrannical Governor Tryon, who converted that fair, smiling village into a heap of smoking ruins, while the Hessians under his command committed the most terrible atrocities.

Mrs. Burr and Dorothy were in the sitting room, Miss Quincy at the spinning wheel, and Mrs. Burr engaged in needlework, which did not prevent them from talking.

Mrs. Burr was a tall, stately dame, possessing great dignity of manner. Her eyes were dark, and her hair, slightly tinged with gray, was worn high, brushed off her brow, and rolled over a cushion. Mrs. Burr was very accom-

plished and an admirable housewife as well, taking great pride in personally superintending household matters.

The room where they were sitting was handsomely furnished with high-backed, upholstered mahogany chairs, and a square mahogany table, the legs terminating in beautifully carved lions' claws. Several family portraits hung on the wall; among them a picture painted by Mrs. Burr's mother, which was more prized for the associations connected with it than for its intrinsic worth or artistic merit. It represented a young damsel with a low-neck gown, the waist up under her arms, walking in a garden with roses as large as cabbages, and in the arbor, a table set with cups as big as bowls.

The ceiling of the sitting room was low, and the walls were wainscoted. The sun streaming through the windows cast a ruddy glow on Dorothy's nut-brown hair. Her eyes were a soft, mellow hazel, somewhat close together, a peculiarity of the Quincy family, and her features were regular, her nose straight, with arched nostrils, and her eyebrows finely drawn, while her lips resembled two ripe cherries, and when she smiled a dimple in her left cheek lent a piquant expression to her beauty. That dimple had proved a pitfall for many hearts, for Miss Dorothy was a belle in the good town of Boston, and she had many admirers among the British officers as well as her townsmen.

Her form was slender and she always dressed in exquisite taste. Her hands, with taper fingers, were small and delicate, and as she sat at

the spinning wheel, one little foot, with high instep, peeped out from her silk petticoat, while her bearing and deportment revealed the high-bred ease of a gentlewoman, for some of the bluest blood of New England flowed in her veins.

"The battle of Bunker Hill has shown the British of what brave stuff our men are made, and that they inherit the doughty spirit of their English ancestors, which would brook no tyrannical oppression," Dorothy remarked.

"You are right, my child," Mrs. Burr replied. "And England ought to know that the colonists will never consent to have their rights wrested from them, and trampled in the dust. No, for they are as indomitable as their forefathers. Tell me, dear, what news have you had from Boston?"

"They say that John's mansion is now occupied by Lord Percy for his headquarters," Dorothy answered. "And although his agent endeavored to withhold the keys of his wine cellar, and china and silver closet, Lord Percy insisted on his surrendering them, so by the time Madam Hancock sees her treasures again, she will find but little left of the handsome collection which was the finest in town. You know the appointments of her table were exquisite. Previous to Lord Percy's occupation of the house, the British soldiers almost ruined it. As they were unable to vent their spite on John, they did so on his belongings. Alas, I do not suppose there will be much left of the old place. And I am so much attached to it, because I have passed so many happy hours there."



"You seem to be very fond of Madam Hancock, Dorothy," Mrs. Burr remarked.

"Yes, indeed, for ever since my mother's death she has assumed the place of a wise counsellor and friend. I really believe that one reason why I am so fond of John is because she wants me to marry him. You know John is very handsome, distinguished, and a good patriot, but he is exceedingly quick-tempered. He is always ready to stand up for the rights of our unhappy country, but these very commendable traits in a patriot, his impetuosity and stubborn will, may not be conducive to matrimonial felicity, and how it will all end remains to be seen."

"Tut, tut, Dorothy, John is a worthy man, and loves you dearly. He is now about thirty-eight years old, quite settled in his ways, and I am quite sure will make you a good husband, and there are plenty of girls who would be willing to marry him. He has a very distinguished position, and is one of the wealthiest men in Boston. Never cross a bridge until you come to it, Dorothy, and do not borrow trouble. But perhaps you are right, and I suppose John is irritable and somewhat domineering."

"No, indeed, Mrs. Burr," Dorothy retorted, somewhat nettled by her remarks, for although ready to find fault with him herself, she could not bear that any one else should do so. "John is a worthy man, as you say, but as for his wealth and position, you know my family is equal, if not superior to his, and I do not wish any one to surmise that I have accepted him

from any worldly considerations. And I am really proud of my future husband. Besides," she slyly added, "I know how to manage him."

"You are very shrewd, Dorothy, if you can manage a hot-headed man like John, who is bound to have his own way. I have been married many years, and I have not learned yet how to bend Mr. Burr to my wishes, for he will have his own way. Sometimes, when it is even contrary to common sense and to keep peace in the family, I often yield against my better judgment."

"Have you tried moral suasion, Mrs. Burr?" Dorothy asked. "The way I do, when I see that John is bent on having his own way in opposition to mine, is to wait until he has calmed down, and then quietly say: 'Well, perhaps you are right, John, for a man's judgment is always superior to a woman's, and you know so much more than I do. A weak woman cannot always judge which is the best course to pursue. Nevertheless she has a keen intuition, a sort of second sight, as the Scotch call it, and she often jumps to a conclusion. Now, if I were you, I should do so and so.' And then I go on to explain my reasons. And the result is John usually adopts my views. But I take good care to be on the right side, so that he may not reproach me afterward if I should err, for then I would lose all control over him. And when he errs I make it a rule never to say to him, 'I told you so,' for nothing exasperates a man so much as that."

"You have a young head on old shoulders,

Dorothy," Mrs. Burr said, laughing. "But tell me, what news have you had from Colonel Josiah Quincy lately?"

"He writes that from the windows of his mansion at Quincy he can see the British fleet riding at anchor, and that exasperates the old gentleman to such a degree that he is always trying to devise some plan for blowing the fleet sky high. Martial law has been proclaimed in Boston, you know, and the city is now being besieged by the Continental Army."

"How glad I am that you did not return to Boston, Dorothy," Mrs. Burr exclaimed.

"So am I, but it is very sad to think of the distress and suffering in Boston. And how much dissension this war causes in families. There was my cousin Josiah, a brave young patriot, who died within sight of land on his return from England, just as the Revolution broke out. And yet Samuel, his brother, is a Tory. You see, our family is very proud of its descent from an old English family which traces its pedigree as far back as the Invasion of England by William the Conqueror, for he brought a De Quincy in his train when he came over to England. We are very proud of our Norman and English ancestry. One branch of our family traces back to the Earl of Winchester. The title became extinct, or was laid aside at one time, for lack of means to sustain it, owing to losses incurred during the wars, but our progenitors retained their family pride and many were famed in English annals for their valiant deeds."

"Family pride is commendable, Dorothy, if not carried too far, and I believe that the consciousness of descent from good stock will do more to keep alive a person's self-respect than anything else, and will inspire him with a desire to live a worthy life, and not bring reproach on his good name," Mrs. Burr replied.

"Did you hear what General Washington said when he heard of the battle of Bunker Hill?" inquired Dorothy. "On his way to take command of the Continental Army before Boston, he inquired: 'Did the militia fight?' When they told him how bravely they held out against the British, how they fought till their powder gave out, and then poured a volley of pebbles and stones on the enemy, Washington said: 'Then the liberties of our country are saved.' "

"Mark my words, Dorothy," Mrs. Burr said enthusiastically, "General Washington is the man for the times, and if any one can secure the rights of the American people, he is the one to do so."

"My father was present when he drew his sword under the elm tree at Cambridge, July 3d, and assumed command of the militia," Dorothy added. "And he says he never saw a more strikingly noble figure. Every movement is fraught with calm dignity, and he reminds one of an old Roman hero, for his features are so classic. His presence always inspires an involuntary feeling of awe."

"Did not John feel disappointed because he was not appointed commander-in-chief?" Mrs. Burr slyly inquired.

"No, indeed; how could he aspire to that post?" Dorothy exclaimed. "He is colonel of militia to be sure, but has had no active service nor experience. Beside, John is better fitted for a statesman than a soldier. Furthermore his ill health is a stumbling block to a military career."

"Do not let him hear you say so, dear," Mrs. Burr added, "for most men desire to pose as military figures above all things, and no one likes to be reminded of his physical infirmities. But I suppose a military career would not suit John."

"You misjudge John, Mrs. Burr," Dorothy said. "Although a brave man, he has no desire for military renown. The redcoats have threatened to make him dance on nothing, to quote their own words, but he is not afraid, and he wrote to Washington from Philadelphia: 'I pray God to crown your efforts with success, though I be the greatest sufferer.' He has also sacrificed a great portion of his property in the cause of freedom, but he would never let personal interests stand in the way. And he would willingly sacrifice life itself for his country. He was so ill a few days ago that he had to be carried into congress in a chair, swathed in flannel. But John has an indomitable spirit, superior to suffering. By wielding his pen in behalf of his country he can do quite as much as another with his sword. I am now going to take a little stroll before supper, Mrs. Burr," Dorothy remarked, getting up, and pushing back the spinning wheel—"I think I have been

quite industrious to-day. As the sun is beginning to go down, and the air is so inviting I'll enjoy a little walk."

"I feel a premonition of evil, my dear, and I am anxious because Mr. Burr is absent, and we lone women are left to the tender mercies of the enemy, should they come this way. Do come back soon, dear, for it is not safe to go very far from the house," Mrs. Burr added.

"Very well; I will only go as far as the edge of the woods," Dorothy answered, putting on her hat and throwing a light scarf around her shoulders.

"Hurry back," Mrs. Burr anxiously added, "for I feel very nervous to-night."

Dorothy had only been gone a few moments when a maid came rushing in with an empty milk pail in her hand and gasping for breath as she tried to speak.

"What is the matter, Martha?" Mrs. Burr inquired.

"Oh, ma'am, I just saw a redskin pounce upon Miss Dorothy and carry her off, while she screamed for help," the maid said in an agonized tone.

"Why didn't you call for help? Where are James and John, Martha? Oh, what a terrible misfortune! Send the men in pursuit of them at once," Mrs. Burr cried.

"Oh, Mrs. Burr, that is not the worst. There are a lot of Indians about to attack the house, and that is why James and John have not started to go after Miss Dorothy. They are coming to guard the house. Here they are

now," Martha added, as the men hurriedly entered and proceeded to bar and bolt the doors and windows. They then stationed themselves near the door, where a loophole was provided for just such occasions, because the homes of the colonists in those days were often raided by the Indians.

A blood-curdling yell burst upon their ears, when the savages with their terrific war-whoop rushed on the house, and the blaze of the out-houses and barn which they had set on fire cast a ruddy light into the room.

Mrs. Burr clasped her hands, and her lips moved as though in prayer.

Just at that moment a savage burst open the casement, thrust in his painted visage, and was about to enter, but James dealt him a heavy blow, and a sickening thud was heard, as the butt end of the musket fractured his skull, and he fell back dead.

John fired a volley at the advancing hordes of Indians, which caused havoc in their ranks, to judge by the yells of rage which greeted it.

Martha reloaded the men's muskets, as fast as they used up the shot. The savages retreated, but a few moments later renewed the attack, and attempted to beat open the door. As they were greeted by another deadly volley they again retreated, concluding to abandon the attack, for they had lost a number of men in the skirmish. As they rushed off with a wild war-whoop, the men started in pursuit, but at that moment the sound of horses' hoofs was heard, followed by a loud rap on the door.

"Who is there?" James cried.

"Open, James; it is I and Mr. Burr," Colonel Hancock shouted. "Open at once, and tell us what has happened. The barn is a heaping smoke of ruins, and as we rode up we saw several savages disappear in the woods. Where is Dorothy?" he added on entering, after hastily saluting Mrs. Burr.

"Yes, where is Dorothy, my dear?" Mr. Burr rejoined, while he clasped his wife in his arms. Pray tell me, are you uninjured? What has occurred?"

Mrs. Burr forgot her usual New England reserve, and clung to her husband as she hysterically cried:

"Those dreadful savages have carried Dorothy off!"

"Has no one gone in pursuit?" Colonel Hancock said reproachfully. "Is this the way you protect my promised bride, Mrs. Burr?"

"Listen to me before drawing any unjust conclusions, or judging me too harshly," Mrs. Burr exclaimed. "No one is more solicitous for Dorothy's welfare than I, but in spite of my warning she would go out, and was carried off by a savage, who disappeared into the woods, just a few moments before the Indians raided the house. John and James would have started in pursuit if it had not been for the assault, but they saw it was hopeless to attempt to make their way through the hordes of savages. So they hurried to the house to barricade the doors just as the Indians attacked us. And those brave men have saved my life, and were on the point of starting in pursuit of the savages when you came up."



"I beg your pardon, Mrs. Burr, for my hasty words," Hancock said. Then he added to the men: "Thank you, my brave men."

James awkwardly scraped his foot, and pulling his forelock, answered:

"I only did my duty, sir."

John simply bowed, allowing James to be his spokesman.

"Come, we will go in pursuit of Miss Quincy, and I hope to overtake her. Alas, the sarcasm of fate, Mrs. Burr, for I expect Dr. Eliot and Mr. Quincy here to-morrow, and I have made all arrangements for our marriage to take place at once. Now I find that my bride has been snatched from my arms."

"Do not despair, Colonel Hancock," Mrs. Burr replied. "Heaven grant that you may rescue Dorothy! Trust in Providence and your efforts will be rewarded. I shall await your return anxiously."

Colonel Hancock seized a musket, and hastily taking leave of Mr. Burr and his wife, he led the way to the woods, followed by James and John.

## CHAPTER IV.

## DOROTHY AND MAJOR CRANE.

It was growing quite dark when the Indian emerged from the forest into a clearing, still carrying Dorothy in his arms, while she vainly struggled to free herself. He proceeded at a slower pace, still carrying his captive, and the only reply he gave to her frantic entreaties to release her was an occasional grunt.

They had proceeded some distance from the village, when an English officer, followed by two soldiers appeared on the scene. On catching sight of the Indian the officer rushed up, crying:

"Unhand that woman! What is the meaning of this? Seize that man," he added to his soldiers.

The savage obeyed sullenly, and Dorothy uttered a cry of recognition, and extended her hand, saying:

"How can I thank you sufficiently, Major Crane, for you have saved my life?"

"Dorothy — Miss Quincy! by all that's holy!" he exclaimed. "The fortunes of war have made you my prisoner, and I hope not an unwilling one, although several months have elapsed since last I had the pleasure of meeting

you," he added with a faint sigh. "But ah, you know, my dear lady, I bear your image engraved on my heart, and I longed to meet you again, while I now bless the chance which has thrown me in your way. But pray explain, how is it you happened to fall into the clutches of this savage?"

The Indian was gazing at them with a sullen air, while the men kept a close watch on him so that he should not escape.

"I was just enjoying a little stroll," Dorothy replied, "and listening to the birds warbling as they sleepily twittered their evening carol preparatory to going to rest. And just as I reached the foot of the lane this Indian rushed out, and seizing me in his arms, carried me off in spite of my struggles. Martha gave the alarm, but at that moment a host of savages rushed out from the woods, and they must have raided the manor-house, which doubtless accounts for the fact that no attempt to come to my assistance has been made. But although we meet under trying circumstances, Major Crane, I am glad to see you."

"Do you remember my last words when we parted, Dorothy?" Major Crane asked, taking her hand and pressing it tenderly between his own. "You know I told you then that you are the only woman I ever cared for, and although you bade me relinquish all hopes of winning your hand you acknowledge that I was not indifferent to you, am I not right?"

Major Crane was a handsome man, with fair, florid complexion, light curly hair, and

blue eyes, and with his erect, fine figure and manly bearing was a worthy specimen of the Anglo-Saxon race. He possessed a happy, genial disposition, which won many friends. He was quick-witted and gallant, and a great favorite with Boston belles, but he was too frank and upright to wish to be considered a lady killer. Major Crane was the heir to a vast estate in England, and his inheritance, one of the proudest titles of the realm, was only a question of time.

As he tenderly gazed at Dorothy, she heaved a faint sigh, and gave an upward glance into his face as he bent over her, and then lowering her eyes, replied:

"Yes, Major Crane, and the fact that you saved my life increases my regard for you, but——"

"But?" Major Crane ejaculated impatiently. "There ought not to be such a word in the dictionary. So long as you care for me I am content, for the thought fills my heart with rapture. And I vow to surmount all obstacles in the way and to make you mine."

Dorothy withdrew her hand, saying:

"Pray, do not be rash, Major Crane, nor cherish any longer the hope of winning my hand, although I will confess that my heart did belong to you at one time. But all that is passed, and I am now engaged to Colonel Hancock, and our wedding day is appointed."

"But surely, you do not care for that vain prig, Dorothy?" Major Crane retorted. "He will never make you happy, for he is puffed up

with his own conceit, and cares for no one but himself; whereas for my part I am your willing slave, and will obey your slightest command. Surely, you still care for me, Dorothy? You cannot have forgotten those happy hours we passed together? You cannot have forgotten the vows I made, nor the proof I gave you of my passionate devotion? Ah, Dorothy, you will still bid me hope? How can you consent to a loveless marriage? How can you give your hand to another while your heart still belongs to me?"

"Tut, tut, Major Crane, not so fast," Dorothy exclaimed, "I said—mark my words—that my heart *once* belonged to you, but it is no longer yours, for it has been transferred to a brave patriot, to a man who will aid in obtaining the rights of the downtrodden Americans; and you are now an enemy to my country."

"I do not make war upon women," Major Crane said sadly. "But alas, I cannot gain-say you, for I must fulfill my duty as a soldier."

"I would not have you become a renegade, Major Crane, nor renounce your allegiance to your king, although he is a tyrant," Dorothy rejoined. "But that fact has placed an insurmountable barrier between us, and I can never be yours, although your memory may linger in my heart like the faint echo of sweet music, the strains of youth, of pleasure and happier days gone by, never to return. My hand will soon be given to the man of my choice, of whom I am so proud. Therefore I would not for a moment have you fancy that I do not care for

him. But you were my first love; why should I deny it?"

"No, do not deny it," Major Crane exclaimed. "Leave me that cold comfort at least, the melancholy satisfaction of knowing that your heart did once belong to me, although fate has placed a barrier between us now. But, no, I will not give you up. You shall be mine, and the devotion of a lifetime will compensate you for the loss of that old prig, John Hancock. How can you prefer him to me? He is prematurely old, suffers with gout, and you will simply be his nurse. But since he would be King Hancock, and delude you with his treasonable aspirations, he has hoodwinked you to listen to his suit."

Dorothy proudly drew herself up, saying:

"Indeed, Major Crane, you will not advance your suit by abusing Colonel Hancock, the man I am to marry. I forbid you to utter another word against him, for I shall not listen to you."

Major Crane bit his lip, and replied: "Pardon me. I was ungenerous, and jealousy led me too far. I will not belittle Mr. Hancock in your estimation, but listen to me, Dorothy. You do not know a man's nature, and you have no conception of the anguish he suffers to see the cup of bliss dashed from his lips, and the woman he loves carried off by a successful rival, while he knows that he cannot appreciate her noble qualities so well, and that his rival will prove a tyrant. He knows her path will be a thorny one, while the man who truly loves her would have made her life as happy as a long

summer day. Dorothy, my darling, listen to me. What does John Hancock know of love? While I—alas, what shall I say to move you? My heart is on fire, and my feelings are too full for utterance. I love you with all the passion, all the ardor of a strong nature which will never change, and I am yours forever. Yes, yours only, until death doth part us." As he spoke he seized her hand, and passionately covered it with kisses.

Dorothy turned pale, pulled away her hand, and pressing it to her heart, said:

"Pray, forbear, Major Crane. Let us bury the memory of the past deep in our hearts. I can never be yours, and I shall not, I will not break my plighted troth."

"Beware, lest you drive me to distraction," Major Crane said, turning deadly pale.

"No, no, do not say so," Dorothy replied, greatly agitated. "You will get over your fancy for me, and no doubt will find some lovely girl you will like even better than myself."

"Never, never," he cried. "I shall never care for any one but you."

"Major Crane," Dorothy added, "restore me to my friends, and thus increase my eternal gratitude toward you."

Major Crane replied: "You shall be obeyed, although your words crush all hope in my heart; but I can never cease to care for you. And if ever you should need a friend, I am at your command. Take my arm, and I'll lead you back to your friend's house."

Just then Colonel Hancock rode up, and catching sight of Dorothy in the deepening dusk, he hastily dismounted and hastened toward her, saying impetuously: "What is the meaning of all this, Miss Quincy? How does it happen that I find you in close conversation with this gentleman, a British officer, an enemy to your country?"

As she saw him coming, Dorothy removed her hand from Major Crane's arm, and rushed forward to meet Colonel Hancock, and clasping her hands around his arm, cried:

"Oh, John, how glad I am to see you. But why do you gaze at me so coldly? Major Crane has just saved my life by rescuing me from that savage."

Major Crane stood with his arms folded, gazing scornfully at his rival.

"Sir, will you be kind enough to explain how you met this lady, or was it a preconceived plot on your part to elope with her, or abduct her?" Colonel Hancock demanded.

"Mr. Hancock," Major Crane replied, "you wrong Miss Quincy as well as myself with your vile aspersions, and it does not behoove me as a gentleman to give you any satisfaction, nor shall I demean myself by stooping to an explanation. The facts are apparent, and you may draw your own conclusions, or make the best of it."

Colonel Hancock bit his lip, and retorted:

"You shall give me satisfaction for those words, sir, but at a more fitting time. My duty now is to restore this lady to her friends, and after that we'll arrange a meeting."



Dorothy murmured to Colonel Hancock in a low tone:

"John, do not let your jealous doubts mislead you. Instead of rejoicing to find me safe and unharmed, instead of a lifeless corpse, or my scalp hanging from that savage's belt, as might have been the case if Major Crane had not come to my assistance, you now insult me by your cruel suspicions." As she spoke, her feelings got the better of her, and she burst into tears.

No man ever remains unmoved by a woman's tears, and John Hancock was no exception to the rule, so he replied soothingly:

"Pardon me, Dorothy, but it drives me beside myself to think that you ever cared for that man." Then turning to Major Crane he added:

"Miss Quincy's explanation is sufficient, sir, and if I have wronged you I am willing to make amends. But," he added, feeling again the stings of jealousy, "if my suspicions should be verified and I discover that it was a plot to abduct my promised bride, I shall hold you responsible and demand satisfaction for the wrong you have done me."

Major Crane put his hand to his sword, exclaiming:

"Sir, I refuse to listen any longer to your aspersions on my character. And only the presence of this lady prevents me from taking speedy vengeance for those words. You basely take advantage of this circumstance to heap further insults upon me. Silence, I command you!"

Hancock started forward and half-drew his sword,

"No British redcoat shall dare to defy me," he exclaimed. "And we can settle our differences on the spot."

"John, I beseech you do not be rash!" cried Dorothy, clinging to his arm. "Major Crane, I implore you, withdraw with your men, and leave me alone with Colonel Hancock. He will be himself after you are gone."

Major Crane reproachfully replied:

"I obey your commands, Miss Quincy, and am always your obedient servant. As for you, sir, you already know who I am, and where you may find me, although I doubt whether your gouty legs will ever allow you to come near enough to the English lines to seek me," he added to Colonel Hancock.

"This is beyond endurance," Hancock cried, starting forward. "I will not submit to your impudence. Draw, sir."

Just at that moment a loud shout was heard, and in the deepening dusk they discerned several horsemen, a company of patriots, approaching them.

"Major Crane, pray begone, or you'll fall into the hands of the patriots!" Dorothy cried. "Oh, I am very grateful to you for saving my life, and I shall never forget it!"

"Necessity knows no law," Major Crane replied. "Miss Quincy, your most obedient—Sir," addressing Hancock, "you know where to find me. Carry off the prisoner and let us hurry away before the enemy overtakes us," he added to his men. "Our horses are under yon tree."

Hancock sullenly gazed after him while he disappeared into the depths of the forest, and none too soon, for the patriots came up just then. But Colonel Hancock with a generous impulse forbade them to pursue Major Crane, explaining to them that it would be a sorry return for his gallantry in saving Miss Quincy's life. Like all hasty, impulsive natures, Colonel Hancock was magnanimous, and soon forgot his resentment in the joy he felt at recovering his affianced bride. And he now realized if it had not been for Major Crane's timely appearance on the scene she might have fallen a victim to the savage's tomahawk, so soon as his captive became troublesome.

Loath to part with Dorothy again, Colonel Hancock mounted his horse, and as she was quite overcome with emotion, he placed her before him, putting one arm round her waist, while he managed his horse with the other, and they slowly wended their way to the manor-house. His heart beat with rapture while he held her trembling form in his arms, and he whispered that the following would be their wedding day, which would join them together never to part until the day of their death.

Who can read the hidden recesses of a woman's heart and know whether Dorothy really belonged to the man to whom she had pledged her troth, or still clung to the handsome, gallant Englishman, to whose suit she might have listened favorably had he not been an enemy to her country? Dorothy felt proud of Colonel Hancock as she considered how

many sacrifices he had made for his country, and how he was the prime mover in the Revolution.

General Gage considered Hancock to be one of the most dangerous of the rebels. In a proclamation issued June 12, 1775, he had declared martial law, offering to pardon all who should return to their allegiance, except John Hancock and Samuel Adams; the latter, the so-called "Father of the Revolution." A price was set upon their heads as traitors to England.

At the time our story opens John Hancock was thirty-eight years old. He was born at Quincy, Massachusetts, and his father was a distinguished divine. The dwelling belonging to Mr. Hancock, which had been built for him and occupied during the fifty-two years of his ministry, was occupied by his successor, the Rev. Jonas Clark, at the time of the battle of Lexington. It was there Paul Revere found Colonel Hancock and Samuel Adams, when he aroused them at midnight to inform them that the regulars were on their track.

John Hancock was graduated at Harvard College in 1754, and shortly afterward entered his uncle's counting house. His uncle was one of the wealthiest merchants in Boston, famed for his generous donations to all public institutions of that town, as well as his lavish hospitality, while the most distinguished people partook of his good cheer. His wife, a sweet, mild lady, presided over her husband's luxurious establishment with the ease of a lady of the old school. Visitors were admitted with great

formality in those days by a black servant attired in livery, who hastened to take the visitor's cocked hat and gold-headed cane, and usher him into the drawing room, where another attendant was stationed to ladle out a glass of punch, or to serve some rare wine, while the host, his face beaming with smiles, came forward to welcome his guest, and to offer his gold snuff-box, according to the usage of those times, when all old gentlemen partook of snuff.

On his uncle's death, in 1764, John came into possession of his vast estate, as his uncle died childless. Soon after John distinguished himself in politics, and was chosen to the House of Representatives of Massachusetts in 1766, as an associate with Otis and Samuel Adams. It was one of Hancock's vessels that brought the news of the Repeal Act, May 13, 1766, which was celebrated with great rejoicing, especially by the "Sons of Liberty."

John Hancock was one of the most demonstrative patriots at that time, and gave a grand banquet at his mansion to celebrate the event. He treated the populace to a pipe of Madeira wine in front of his house, while on a stage erected for that purpose fireworks were exhibited for their delectation.

A year later his sloop, *Liberty*, was seized by the English government, and this act almost caused a riot, during which the customs commissioners barely escaped with their lives.

In the course of this disturbance a man-of-war was stationed in the harbor, and therefore

a petition was presented to the governor requesting him to remove it.

Legal proceedings were instituted against the rioters, which were finally dropped. In 1768 the governor called for troops to be stationed at Boston. On hearing this, a committee consisting of Otis Adams, and Hancock called to inquire what truth there was in the report. Barnard, desiring to conciliate these popular leaders, attempted to bribe them, offering Hancock a seat in the council, but the high spirited patriot tore the parchment into shreds, while Adams also repulsed his offers.

As the governor refused to convene the assembly, the meeting advised a convention of delegates from all the towns in the province to assemble in Boston within ten days. Every town and district sent a delegate, and they met September 22d, remaining in session four days, in spite of the governor's expostulations and threats. This was the first of the popular political assemblies, which speedily assumed the whole political power in the colonies.

One of the chief causes of the Revolution, as has been said, was the foisting British troops on Boston, and two regiments arrived from Halifax, September, 1768, landing on Sunday and thus outraging the New Englander's religious principles by desecrating the Sabbath.

Lossing tells us that these were not the only indignities heaped upon the people, for cannon were placed before Faneuil Hall, and everybody who passed by was challenged.

The people were exasperated and a deep

hatred sprang up between the citizens and soldiers. The feeling of the law-abiding and peaceful townsfolks were daily harrowed by disgraceful scenes enacted on the Common, where British soldiers for the slightest offense were stripped and their bare backs unmercifully scourged by negro drummers at the command of their cruel leaders.

Finally, the people united in an association against the Stamp Act in 1768, all over the country.

An enactment submitted by Washington in the House of Burgesses, in Virginia, was signed by every member present. Demonstrations of patriotism were also made by the women of Boston, who formed a society called "Daughters of Liberty," and drew up a promise not to indulge in "The cup which cheers, but not inberiates," adopting dried leaves of the raspberry plant instead.

The newspaper press was fearless in its denunciations of the wrongs inflicted by the British government, and no patriot more so than Paul Revere, an engraver by trade, who, by his pictures, cartoons and caricatures, fanned the flame of contention and aided the cause of liberty.

As a proof of the fearless spirit of the Americans, as early as 1770, "Bickerstaff's Boston Almanac" displayed on the title page Otis' picture, supported by Liberty on one side, and by Hercules or Perseverance on the other. At the feet of the latter, preparing to strike, was a venomous rattlesnake, emblematical of British tyranny.

At the time of the so-called Boston Massacre none was more fearless in the denunciation of this outrage than John Hancock, and his eloquent address at the funeral of the slain has been handed down to posterity, and at that period marked him as a dangerous enemy to England. On that day bells were tolled, and the obsequies of the victims of British bullets were imposing and solemn.

Hancock became the leader at all meetings at which the public welfare was discussed, and by his glowing and eloquent speech, as well as his vast wealth, which he fully expended in the cause of the revolution, for he was one of the most active promoters of the cause.

The Boston Tea Party occurred December 6, 1773, and this event aroused the people's enthusiasm to a high pitch, as some of the most prominent young men in Boston, in the darkness of night, flung the cargo of tea into Boston harbor, to show the English authorities their contempt for their unjust impositions.

This fearless act in open defiance of British rule was heartily applauded all through the colonies. In order to chastise them for their rebellious spirit the Boston Port Bill was enforced vigorously in 1774.

Lord North endeavored to justify this act by declaring that Boston was the center of the rebellious commotion in America, which must be crushed, and he indulged in the most violent tirade against the people, which only aroused their indignation still more.

One friend America had in Parliament at



that time, Edmund Burke, an Irish statesman; his eloquent appeals in their behalf were unheeded, as well as his warning to the ministry not to push matters too far. Therefore the Port Bill was soon afterward followed by other enactments, equally arbitrary and unjust.

General Gage succeeded Hutchinson, and on the night of his arrival his effigy was burned on the Boston Common in front of John Hancock's mansion. On June, 1774, the port of Boston was closed. Business was completely paralyzed and all classes felt the hard times. Offers of assistance from all parts of the country poured in; but Bostonians, with true New England pride, gratefully declined them.

John Hancock was appointed on the committee of correspondence, and afterward chosen President of the Provincial Congress at Concord in 1774. He was also at the head of a committee of safety, and was authorized to call out the militia. And in 1775 he was finally elected President of the Continental Congress.

John Hancock was a man who would command attention everywhere by his distinguished appearance and fine form. Tall, his figure rather spare, with a bold, broad, commanding brow, large eyes with a piercing look, straight eyebrows, long nose, and firm mouth with thin lips; thick wavy hair, dressed in the style of those days, powdered and tied in a queue; without being strictly handsome, he was exceedingly fine-looking and a general favorite in society. Inheriting the culture of a long line of distinguished ancestors, his manners were

extremely polished. Furthermore he had traveled all over Europe, and acquired the ease of a man of the world and a profound knowledge of human nature. Genial, possessing great common sense, wit, and decision of character, affable, liberal, and charitable, he was very popular and a natural leader. Gifted with an eloquent tongue and fearless spirit, John Hancock was one of the greatest leaders of the Revolution. His hearers would hang on his words while he aroused their patriotism to the highest pitch.

He threw a great portion of his vast wealth into the common fund, and sacrificed his private interests to the welfare of his country. Furthermore, John Hancock never shirked the responsibilities incumbent upon him as a patriot, regardless of personal loss.

And now at the age of thirty-eight he had fixed his heart on Dorothy Quincy, who was much younger than himself. She was his first and only love.

Like the majority of New England families which had intermarried, they were connected by ties of blood as well as affection. And their respective families favored their marriage.

## CHAPTER V.

### DOROTHY'S WEDDING.

THE morning of Dorothy's wedding-day dawned bright and fair, and she was awakened by the songsters of the woods. The delightful fragrance of the sweetbrier, which drifted into her window, lulled her senses to repose, so closing her eyes once more she fell into a doze, from which she was awakened by a rap on the door, and Mrs. Hancock's voice requesting to be admitted.

"Come in, dear," she murmured, uplifting her face for a kiss, for she was very fond of Mrs. Hancock.

"I have come to talk to you about John, my dear. He is one of the noblest-hearted men in the world, but his uncle as well as myself used to spoil him, so he is accustomed to have his own way, while he is rash and impulsive. He loves you better than any one in the world, Dorothy, and I do hope you will get on well together. Marriage is a very solemn step, my child, and I feel anxious for both of you."

"Do not worry on my account, Mrs. Hancock," Dorothy replied. "I love John; I am very fond of him, and I have not the slightest doubt that we shall be very happy together."

"But he is very settled in his ways, dear, and I want to warn you that he is a man who will brook no opposition to his will. Although you may influence him by kind and gentle words, he will never be coerced, and absolutely refuses to submit to any dictation from any one. And above all things, my dear, remember that he is exceedingly jealous. Therefore be very guarded in your deportment toward gentlemen."

"Oh, I know John is jealous, and I shall avoid giving him any cause, I assure you," Dorothy replied.

"I do not want to hurry you, child, nor to spoil your beauty sleep, but your marriage, followed by the wedding breakfast, will take place early in the day, so that you may continue on your way to Philadelphia, reaching the next town to this before nightfall. Shall I call the maid to assist you?"

"Yes, Mrs. Hancock, and I want you to arrange my veil, for I would prefer you should do so, and give me your blessing at the same time."

"Certainly, my child, for none prays more fervently that God may bless you than I who love you as dearly as though you were my own child," Mrs. Hancock replied.

"Ah, there is Mrs. Burr," she added, as a knock sounded on the door, when this worthy lady immediately entered, followed by a maid bringing a tray and some slight refreshments.

"You must take a cup of raspberry tea, Dorothy," Mrs. Burr said, while she kissed her.

"How nice it is to be so well cared for," Dorothy answered.

"How much I shall miss you," Mrs. Burr continued.

"And so shall I miss you," the young lady replied. "I wonder how long the chances of war will keep us in Philadelphia? As John will pass most of the time in Congress, occupied with matters of state, I presume I shall not see much of him, and I shall be very lonely. How sweetly the birds are singing this morning!"

"Yes, they are singing a wedding carol for you, dear," Mrs. Burr rejoined. "And nature is serene and smiling on this your wedding-day, which I hope is a good omen, for the saying is, a bright sky makes a happy marriage, while a cloudy or rainy day foretends sorrow and trouble."

With the assistance of her friends and the maid who put the finishing touches to her toilette, Dorothy was soon attired in her wedding gown of rich white silk, draped over a damask petticoat, with a square-necked bodice, ending in a stiff point in front, and with elbow sleeves, trimmed with a frill of rich white lace. John's wedding gift, a necklace of pearls, encircled her fair neck, and she wore a string of pearls in her hair, which was brushed off her forehead, and rolled over a cushion in pompadour style. Her dainty feet, with high insteps, were incased in high-heeled white slippers and silk stockings.

Nearly all brides look well on their wedding-day, and Dorothy was no exception to the rule, for her piquant beauty was enhanced by her dress.

Mr. Quincy had arrived that morning with Dr. Eliot, and soon after he presented himself to lead his daughter into the drawing room, where the wedding guests had assembled. Dr. Eliot was standing in the middle of the room, prayer-book in hand, as Mr. Quincy came forward with old-fashioned stateliness, leading his daughter, and holding her hand high, as they do in the figure of the minuet.

John Hancock looked handsome and happy in his wedding suit of light silk knee breeches, embroidered waistcoat, and satin coat, silk hose, and patent leather shoes with handsome buckles. His hair was powdered and confined in a queue. With a radiant smile he came forward to meet his bride, and stood up with her before Dr. Eliot, while the family and guests grouped themselves near them as the solemn, impressive words were pronounced which made them husband and wife.

The minister bestowed his blessing on the newly married couple, and kissed the bride on the brow, for he was very fond of Dorothy, whom he had known from childhood.

John and Dorothy stood beneath the wedding-bell of flowers, and received the congratulations and good wishes of their friends, while they all saluted Dorothy.

Mrs. Hancock shed a few tears, remembering her own wedding-day, and her beloved husband, who had passed away several years before.

They then repaired to the dining room where the wedding breakfast was served, and the table

fairly loaded with delicious New England dishes.

The bride's health was proposed, and a facetious man in the company endeavored to give utterance to several jocose remarks, bestowing officious advice and enjoining the bridal pair to bear and forbear.

"Now, my dear Mrs. Hancock, yes, I mean you, Mrs. Hancock number two, for I see you are not yet accustomed to your new name, in dealing with John remember that he is fond of having his own way, and if you do not want him to get the upper hand, you must assume the leadership at once. As for you, John, you are a mighty big man, colonel of militia, President of Congress, and are at the head of the country; but remember, sir, a woman's province is home; although you may be King Hancock abroad, at home she is queen, and therefore you are bound to respect her sway."

"Very well, my friend, I appreciate your good advice, and I am willing to bow my head to Dame Dorothy's gentle rule, but now I must remind her that it is time for us to take our departure."

"If less were said about mine and thine, and more about ours in married life, there would be fewer matrimonial jars," John's aunt remarked.

"Yes, I agree with you," Mrs. Burr rejoined.

"A great deal of trouble arises from the fact that young people agree to disagree," Mr. Quincy sententiously observed; "or because friends offer officious advice, instead of allowing the young people to learn to understand each other."

"No harm intended by a harmless joke," interposed the would-be humorous man.

"Oh, no, I understand you, and your remarks are innocent enough. I was thinking, however, how difficult it is for a newly married couple to understand each other perfectly, and your advice to bear and forbear is most excellent."

Dorothy left the room to change her dress, and shortly after reappeared in her traveling gown. The coach was at the door, and the horses were impatiently pawing the ground. An escort of Light Dragoons, befitting to the rank of the President of Congress, was in readiness to accompany them. In honor of the occasion the troops had donned their gala array during the ceremony, but in obedience to Colonel Hancock's orders had now donned a fatigue suit, more suitable for the dusty highway. These troops were known as the Philadelphia Light Horse, and their appearance was truly martial.

All the guests crowded round the door to say good-by to the bridal pair, and as they entered the coach threw a handful of rice after them, while one threw an old shoe for good luck, which hit the coachman on the nose, but he was too well-trained to give utterance to his pain, although he stroked the wounded member tenderly.

It was a bright, sunny day, rather warm, but they did not feel the heat much on account of the rapid speed at which they traveled. Relays of horses had been provided at the differ-



ent stations, because President Hancock was anxious to return to his duties at the seat of government as soon as possible.

The highway was bordered on either side by shady elm, maple, and oak trees, and they drove past rich meadowland, and quaint old farm-houses, some painted red, others turned gray and dingy by the hand of time, and fertile corn-fields, the yellow ears glistening in the sunlight, while the vegetable patches with a variety of green vegetables, with yellow squashes to lend a touch of color to the rest, gave evidence of the farmer's thrift and promised a plentiful harvest.

Occasionally they would come to a more pretentious dwelling, a handsome manor-house, situated at some distance from the highway, surrounded by elms and stalwart oaks, with an avenue of trees leading to the house, and a flower garden in full bloom, containing a variety of roses, pinks, hollyhocks, marigolds and poppies, for which New England gardens were noted. As their sweet perfume was wafted to the weary traveler's nostrils by the summer breeze they inhaled their fragrance with delight.

Little could they foresee that this fertile district four years later would be laid waste, and the handsome manors and dwellings razed to the ground by the tyrannical Governor Tryon, their inhabitants driven from their homes, fathers and sons slain, while, like Nero of old, he gazed on this work of iniquity and gloated over the destruction he caused. For Fairfield, that beautiful New England village, was left

in ashes, through the wanton destruction of the British troops in July, 1779.

Surrounded by guards on either side, and in view of the dignity of President Hancock's position, as well as in conformance with the constraint and reserve of New Englanders in public, the bridegroom was not able to give way to any demonstrations of affection; although occasionally, with the pretext of buttoning Dorothy's glove, he would tenderly press her hand, leaning over her until his lips almost brushed her cheeks, and then suddenly draw back as he felt the eyes of the curious dragoons bent upon him, and assume a dignified deportment.

But his eyes, beaming with love, expressed all his lips were not able to give utterance to; while Dorothy's face lighted up with joy as she found herself beside the man she honored so highly, and her heart throbbed with gratified pride as she considered how devoted he was to his country, and that she was his wife.

President Hancock and his bride reached Philadelphia in three days, and were received on their arrival with the honors befitting the President of Congress.

The City of Brotherly Love at an early date in colonial days showed its opposition to the Stamp Act. And in 1765 the storekeepers of Philadelphia resolved to cease importing British goods, while the people determined to abstain from eating mutton, so that wool for domestic manufacture might be increased. They even carried their patriotism beyond the grave, Lossing informs us, for besides their frugality in living, they resolved to curtail expenses of

funerals, and buried some of their prominent citizens in oak coffins with wooden handles, while Alderman Plumstead's remains were carried to the grave without even a pall or mourning shroud.

When the stamps arrived from England, the bells were muffled and tolled and the colors hoisted half-mast to mark their distress.

As the reader of history knows, the repeal of the obnoxious Stamp Act produced a lull in political disturbance, until fresh impositions and unjust taxation aroused the people anew. When the tax on tea was enforced, the good housewives of Philadelphia were not to be out-done in patriotism by their sisters in Massachusetts, and they abstained from drinking tea, while by their influence they infused their husbands, fathers, and sons with greater spirit to resist England's unjust demands. An act similar to the Boston tea party was carried out in Philadelphia, November 22, 1774, when fifty men, disguised as Indians, seized and destroyed a cargo of tea.

However, the greater part of the population of Philadelphia consisted of Quakers, adherents of the king, who were royalists.

But there were a great many good patriots in Philadelphia, and the reader will recollect the story of one of the wealthiest men who was called upon by Robert Morris to furnish aid to the patriots. Handing the key of his safe to Morris, he remarked as he left the room: "You know where the money is kept. There are fifty-six thousand dollars in the safe. Help yourself."

## CHAPTER VI.

### EVACUATION OF BOSTON.

ON January 1, 1776, the Continental Army was fully organized, and for the first time the Union flag with thirteen stripes was unfurled. On that memorable day also the king's speech was received in Boston, and General Howe distributed copies to the rebel army under a flag of truce. Through a singular evidence of English conceit, the hoisting of the American flag was taken as a proof of submission, although at no time were the people more in earnest, and ready to teach oppressors that "Resistance to tyranny is obedience to God."

The principal flag used by the Americans at first was plain crimson, but they changed it afterward to a flag with thirteen stripes to represent the thirteen states. Soon after the blue field in the corner with thirteen stars was adopted, and this was made the national flag of the United States, June 14, 1777.

From the battle of Bunker Hill to January no fighting occurred. The people were anxious that Washington should take Boston, while Congress urged him to the attack. But hampered by lack of ammunition and by the privations the army were undergoing during the

bitter cold New England winter, it was not until March that Washington concluded it would be advisable to attack the city.

During that winter the British officers and troops were very gay and passed the time in rioting and dissipation. The brunt of the siege fell on the townsfolk, especially the poor, who suffered for lack of food and fuel. To add to their misery, the smallpox broke out, and this loathsome disease caused great ravages among the people, weakened as they were by insufficient nourishment.

"The bay is open," wrote Colonel Moylan from Roxbury, "everything thaws except old Put. He is still as hard as ever, crying out, 'Powder, powder, ye gods, give me powder.' "

The British gave themselves up to revelry.

During an amateur performance on January 8, 1776, they had a fright, however, for while at the play a sergeant rushed in crying: "The Yankees are attacking our works on Bunker Hill."

At this the audience laughed immoderately, fancying it was part of the farce, but they were soon brought to their senses by burly General Howe, who shouted: "Officers, to your alarm posts!"

It seems the rebels had crossed the mill-dam from Cobble Hill, set fire to houses in Charlestown, killed one man, and taken five prisoners.

Washington proceeded to fortify Dorchester Heights and to divert the enemy opened a cannonade from the batteries at Roxbury and Lechmere.

March 3d, General Thomas took possession of Dorchester Heights, and bundles of hay were placed on the side of Dorchester Neck to deaden the rumble of carts passing to and fro, and to put the enemy off their guard by this means.

The 5th of March was the anniversary of the Boston Massacre, and in a stirring address to his troops Washington reminded them of this fact.

It seemed as though Providence befriended the patriots, for a severe storm burst forth just as the contending forces, British and American, were about to engage in action, and caused Howe to desist from carrying out his plans, until the patriots were so strongly intrenched it was impossible to dislodge them.

Howe had been advised to leave Boston as early as November, but he refused, pleading that the shipping was inadequate.

But now speedy preparations to evacuate the town were made; ammunition and warlike material were hurried on board, and heavy artillery which could not be carried was spiked or destroyed.

Fears were entertained that Howe would destroy the town, so a delegation of citizens called on him and he promised them if Washington would allow him to evacuate quietly that the town should be spared.

Meanwhile Washington did not relax his vigilance and a battering ram was placed on Dorchester Neck to annoy the British shipping.

A severe cannonade was opened upon the patriots from the British batteries in the city. It was a fearful hour for Boston.

A scene of confusion ensued. Those who could not carry their furniture with them destroyed it. The soldiers pillaged many shops, and Howe issued an order to seize all dry goods not in possession of loyalists and to put them on board. But these depredations were forbidden in the general order on the next day.

On the 15th of March the troops embarked, but owing to their detention they acted more like demons than men, and the town would have been sacked if they had not been controlled by their officers.

The British resorted to a cunning stratagem to retard the Americans in their pursuit, in case they should attempt to follow them, by throwing a quantity of crows' feet all along the road. And they stole away so quietly their departure was not known until many hours later.

We read that a few hours after the British retreat the Rev. Mr. Leonard preached at Cambridge an excellent sermon, which was listened to by General Washington and others, taking as his text: Exodus xiv. 25. "And took off their chariot wheels that they drove them so heavily, so that the Egyptians said, 'Let us flee from the face of Israel, for the Lord fighteth for them against the Egyptians.' "

When the British troops finally departed Putnam, with six regiments, landed at Sewall's Point. With a loud shout, which startled the retreating Britons, the Americans took possession of Boston. There was a joyful reunion of families that had been separated for over a year. Devastation had left its traces on the

metropolis of New England, and old landmarks had been destroyed. The South Church had been used as a military riding school, a desecration which sorely tried the people's temper, and valuable manuscript and books were burned. North Chapel was used for kindling wood, while Faneuil Hall was turned into a theater. Not knowing of the evacuation of Boston, several English store ships sailed into the harbor, and were seized by the Americans.

The number of inhabitants was reduced from twenty-five thousand to ten thousand, owing to the exodus of adherents to the Crown, as well as others who had joined the Continental Army.

Boston was a mere shadow of what it had been before the Revolution, when its harbors were crowded with shipping, its storehouses filled to overflowing, and commerce and trade flourished apace.

From that time onward the source of the Revolution, the fountainhead, spread its regenerating waters over the whole land. And Boston, which was the first to suffer at the outbreak of the war, was left quiet and undisturbed, although in a crippled condition after the evacuation, while the flames of war were kindled and waged throughout New England, the Middle States and the South.



## CHAPTER VII.

## DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

JULY 2, 1776, was a memorable day in the annals of Philadelphia, when it was announced that the Declaration of Independence was signed.

As John Hancock affixed his bold signature to it he jocosely remarked: "There, John Bull can read that name without spectacles. Now let him double his reward."

As the members were about to sign the document Hancock added: "We must be unanimous, there must be no pulling different ways. We must all hang together."

"Yes," retorted Franklin, who was present, "we must hang together, or most assuredly we shall all hang separately."

Benjamin Harrison also remarked:

"We'll show Great Britain how much we value her proscription."

Thousands of anxious citizens thronged the streets of Philadelphia, eagerly awaiting the result of the conference. An old bellman was in anxious expectation, holding back the tongue while with the pessimism of old age he sagaciously wagged his head, whitened with the snows of many winters, and muttered:

"They'll never do it, they'll never do it."

But suddenly a loud shout burst on the air, and thousands of voices took up the refrain, as the old man in obedience to the signal, rang out the welcome tidings with the clarion tongue of the bell, proclaiming "liberty throughout the land and unto all the inhabitants thereof." The strident note of the bugle resounded, the roar of cannon rent the air, and all the bells in the city echoed the clang of the old Liberty bell, while the greatest excitement prevailed. The historian tells us how old men embraced one another, weeping for joy, while the youngsters flung their caps into the air, and shouted with glee. Busy housewives hurried from house to house to impart the joyous tidings to their friends, and rejoice with them over the proclamation of Liberty.

In the evening bonfires were lit, and every patriotic dwelling was illuminated, while the quiet City of Brotherly Love was gay and bright. Bands of music paraded the streets, followed by crowds of enthusiastic citizens.

In city and country, on hillside and dell, in the camp and fields, in churches and by the hearth, the joyful news was proclaimed and welcomed. The patriots heaved a sigh of relief at the thought that they had thrown off the British yoke, while the more thoughtful drew themselves together, girded on their armor, and prepared for the struggle, foreseeing that the Declaration of Independence at the expiration of fourteen months' warfare was but the preliminary step. The colonies had asserted their

independence, but had to fight for it during eight long, weary years, facing hardships and trials of all kinds, which they unflinchingly bore, while the women encouraged them in their brave efforts, and stepped into the place of the men, when their hearths were left desolate and deserted, choking back the tears, as they considered no sacrifice too great for the attainment of freedom, sacrificing their heart's dearest ones as a holocaust on the altar of Liberty.

Oh, those were glorious days in the annals of America—days which developed martyrs among women and heroes among men—days dark and dreary, while during the winter months, the Continental Army endured the greatest privations, and in their long, tiresome marches, left tracks of blood along the frozen ground; dark days were those during which they suffered the pangs of hunger, and shivered in their rags, barefooted and footsore before the camp fire. But in the midst of all their distress they were cheered by the presence of their brave general, George Washington, whom they loved and revered, as the liberator, the father of their country.

Their cause was sacred, and upheld by such brave purpose in the midst of untold suffering was bound to succeed. Thank God, the blood of patriots shed on the battlefields was not shed in vain, and they left the sacred heritage of freedom to their descendants in the new world.

The Declaration of Independence was received by Washington at his headquarters in New York, July 9th, and he issued an order that it

should be read at the head of every brigade, at 6 o'clock that evening. Upon hearing it the troops hurrahed for joy. The populace in New York threw down the lead statue of George III. and broke it to pieces. With true American thrift the material was melted and made into bullets afterward.

The Declaration of Independence was read to a large assembly around the Cradle of Liberty, Faneuil Hall, by Colonel Crafts, at noon on the 17th of July, and other public demonstrations were carried out.

On the 8th of July Philadelphia celebrated the event by another grand demonstration. John Nixon read the Declaration to a vast concourse of people from all parts of the country. After this, the king's arms over the seat of justice were torn down and burned in the streets, and in the evening bonfires were kindled, houses were illuminated, and bands of music paraded the streets, animating the people to a frenzy of delight.

The news was received with rejoicings throughout the thirteen colonies, and as a result of the general enthusiasm a large number of patriots enlisted in the Continental Army.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### FIRST ANNIVERSARY.

THE first anniversary of the Declaration of Independence was celebrated in Philadelphia, July 4, 1777, with great rejoicings.

About noon all the armed ships and galleys in the river were drawn up before the city, decked with the colors of the United States, the Star Spangled Banner.

At 1 o'clock, the yards being properly manned, they celebrated the day by a discharge of thirteen cannon, one from each of the different galleys. Thirteen was the symbolical number most in favor, as there were thirteen states at that time.

A fine dinner was provided by Congress to which were invited the President and the supreme executive, colonial authorities, and speakers of the assembly of state, the general officers, and colonels of the army and strangers of eminence in town.

The festivity was heightened by strains of the Hessians' band of music, captured at Trenton, December 26th, on the memorable occasion when Washington crossed the Delaware in the greatest peril from the floating ice, and in the midst of a blinding snowstorm, succeeded in

surprising the enemy, still overcome and drowsy from the effects of their carousal on Christmas Eve, and captured a number of prisoners. By this glorious achievement Washington aroused the drooping spirits of his countrymen and Congress invested him with extraordinary powers.

A corps of British deserters, taken into the Continental service by the State of Georgia, was drawn up before the door and filled the intervals with *feux de joie*, like the Romans of old, who displayed their captives at their chariot wheels.

A number of toasts were drunk, and each was followed by a discharge of artillery and small arms, as well as a suitable selection by the Hessian band.

Toward evening several troops of horse, a corps of artillery, and a brigade of North Carolina forces on its way to join the grand army, were drawn up on Second Street; and reviewed by Congress and the general officers. The day closed with ringing of bells, and an exhibition of fireworks at night.

Little Lydia, Dorothy Hancock's first-born, was about eight months old, and required constant care, being a sickly child, so her fond mother was obliged to forego the enjoyment of the patriotic celebrations, though she rejoiced in spirit.

## CHAPTER IX.

## DOROTHY IN PHILADELPHIA.

DOROTHY did not like Philadelphia, as the manners and customs were so different from those of the good old town of Boston; and she was partial to her own home. Besides, she missed her family and friends.

As Dorothy compared the streets so regularly laid out that they reminded her of the lines on a checkerboard with the narrow, crooked thoroughfares of Boston, she would heave a sigh and wish herself once more in that good old town.

The air of the river was not pleasant to her nostrils accustomed to the fresh, invigorating breeze from the ocean. Quakers and their descendants were not to her mind, either, because she retained the New England prejudice against them. Nevertheless she made some warm friends in Philadelphia, while her position as wife of the President of Congress, and her family name, gave her the *entrée* to the best society.

People in Philadelphia were early risers, while people of gentility in Boston rarely sat down to the breakfast table before 9 o'clock. However,

Dorothy was no sluggard or drone. Like the queen bee, she was very industrious. Her time was not spent in idleness, for she used to employ herself in cutting off the rough edges of continental notes, and packing them to be sent to the army; in directing commissions, and last, but not least, in nursing her child, and in taking care of her husband during the frequent attacks of gout which afflicted him. Dorothy was a most patient nurse, sweet, thoughtful, and considerate when pain got the upper hand of her husband, and he fretted and fumed, launching out a bitter invective against fate.

Their honeymoon had been somewhat marred by this drawback, but every day of his life President Hancock blessed Providence for giving him such a sweet wife and helpmate, while his love for her was the one bright spot in his existence.

Public affairs harassed him continually, and his fortune was seriously impaired by the large sums he furnished for the common cause. He also advanced a large amount toward the discharge of state debts which nearly exhausted his means.

His disagreements with Samuel Adams also preyed upon his mind. By some historians Adams is accused of making use of Hancock to further his own purposes, and then casting aside his old friend, when he placed himself in opposition to the crafty statesman's plans.

The truth is that Adams made a motion in Congress for the expulsion of John Hancock, forgetting that his vast wealth had served as



the stepping stone for Adams to power, and as the cornerstone of the revolution.

Samuel Adams was of medium height, with an erect, muscular, and stalwart figure, revealing his yeomany ancestry.

He had light blue eyes and a fair complexion. His favorite garb consisted of a red cloak worn over his small clothes, a tie wig, and cocked hat. Without fortune, incorruptible and independent, he lacked the faculty of making money; but he rendered good service to his country by his great eloquence, unswerving patriotism, and inflexible purpose, and he was named the Father of the Revolution.

Samuel Adams matriculated at Harvard College, but lack of means did not allow him to finish his course.

During colonial times the graduates of Harvard were not arranged alphabetically, but in accordance with the social standing of their families, and Samuel stood fifth in a class of twenty-two.

On leaving college he devoted himself to politics, and became a stanch champion of people's rights. How fixed were his views and how fearless he was in his expression of them may be gathered from the subject which he chose for his thesis when he took his degree of A.M. On that occasion he propounded the question: "Whether it be lawful to resist the supreme magistrate, if the commonwealth cannot otherwise be preserved."

And as early as 1769 Adams concluded a speech at a town meeting in Boston with these

fearless words: "Independent we are, and independent we will be."

It was Samuel Adams' resolute stand which caused the withdrawal of the English troops from the town to the castle.

Associated from the beginning with John Hancock, owing to the inequality of social station between the two, as Samuel was poor while Hancock was rich, the English officers seized on this circumstance as a lash to scourge Hancock's proud spirit, derisively calling him Johnny Dupe, while they really believed that Adams led him by the nose. The popular saying was that Adams did the writing and Hancock paid the postage. But the fact remains unchallenged, even by their detractors, that these great men were the prime movers of the Revolution and did more to arouse the people to cast off England's tyrannical yoke than any other patriots.

The breach between Hancock and Adams grew wider and wider, and as at that time the people of Massachusetts were desirous that their leader should assume the reins of government of that state, Hancock decided to return home, after resigning his position as President of Congress, and he took leave of that respectable body October 29, 1777, as follows:

"GENTLEMEN: Friday last completed two years and five months since you did me the honor of electing me to fill this chair. As I could never flatter myself your choice proceeded from any idea of my abilities, but rather from

a partial view of my attachment to the liberties of America, I felt myself under the strongest obligations to discharge the duties of the office, and I accepted the appointment with the firmest resolution to go through the business annexed to it in the best manner I was able. Every argument conspired to make me exert myself, and I endeavored by industry and attention to make up for every deficiency. As to my conduct, both in and out of Congress in the execution of your business, it is improper for me to say anything. You are the best judges. But I think I shall be forgiven if I say I have spared no pains, expense, or labor to gratify your wishes and to accomplish the views of Congress.

"My health being much impaired I find some relaxation absolutely necessary after such constant application. I must therefore request your indulgence for a leave of absence of two months. But I cannot take my leave without expressing my thanks for the civility and politeness I have experienced from you. It is impossible to mention this without heartfelt pleasure.

"If in the course of so long a period as I have had the honor to occupy this chair, any expression may have dropped from me that may have given the least offense to any member, as it was not intentional, so I hope his candor will pass it over.

"May every happiness attend you, gentlemen, both as members of this house, and as individuals, and I pray heaven that unanimity and perseverance may go hand in hand in this house, and that everything which may tend to

distract or divide your councils may be banished."

What noble sentiments were expressed in this address! How the intercession of Providence was invoked in the heartfelt appeal! And what a contrast this speech, as well as many others of our good patriots' discourses, fraught with religious fervor, offers to the address of the Girondists or other Frenchmen in their assemblies, after the overthrow of Louis XVI., when religion was supplanted by the sway of the so-called Goddess of Reason, and unbelief and godlessness were rampant

Congress was always opened with prayer, while all joined in fervently, irrespective of creed.

The first prayer offered in Congress was by the Rev. Mr. Duché, September 7, 1774. On the assembly of Congress Mr. Cushing made a motion that an opening prayer should be made. At first this was opposed by Mr. Jay of New York, and Mr. Rutledge of South Carolina, because the members were so divided in religious belief; but Mr. Adams arose and declared that he was no bigot, and would listen willingly to the prayer of any gentleman of virtue and piety, who was at the same time no enemy to his country. This motion was seconded, and Mr. Duché offered up a prayer.

John Hancock retained his popularity in his native state. He had been appointed Major-General of Militia in 1776, by the Provincial Congress of Massachusetts, and thirteen regiments were organized at that time.

He returned to Boston under an escort of American light dragoons, and as soon as his arrival was known bells were rung, thirteen cannon discharged from Colonel Craft's park of artillery on the Common; the cannon on Fort Hill as well as the shipping in the harbor joining in the general demonstrations of welcome. The Independent and Light Infantry gave him military salutes, and he received the compliments of gentlemen of all orders, while every indication was extended of the grateful appreciation the public had of his important services to the American cause.

He returned to the old Hancock mansion, which the British had left standing and in comparative good condition, although they had carried off a lot of woolen clothing and many valuables.

Dorothy, who was tired of the humdrum life she had led in Philadelphia, was delighted to find herself under her own roof. With the able management characteristic of a New England housewife, under her direction the house was once more noted for its lavish hospitality, and elegant entertainments.

John Hancock appeared in public with the state befitting his official position, riding in a handsome chariot, which had been seized as a prize by an American privateer, and presented to him. He was always attended by four servants in superb livery, and mounted on fine horses, richly caparisoned, and escorted by fifty horsemen with drawn swords, one-half of whom preceded, while the rest followed his equipage.

## CHAPTER X.

## THE MARQUIS OF LAFAYETTE.

THE Marquis of Lafayette was tall, slender, and elegant, while every motion bore a certain aristocratic stamp revealing the highbred ease of an aristocrat.

He had a high brow, the forehead slightly retreating, and his reddish hair was brushed from his face, powdered and worn in a queue, according to the fashion at that time. He had large eyes, with a frank, open expression; an aquiline nose, with arched nostrils, like those of a thoroughbred racer; lips, rather thin, while the lines around his mouth expressed courage and determination. His face was fair and beardless.

The marquis' marriage was a love match, and his wife was a beautiful, sprightly girl, somewhat younger than her youthful husband. Indeed they seemed like a pair of children, and their fondness for each other and sportive love-making was an idyl which delighted their friends who approved of people's marrying young, before they had exhausted the pleasures of life, and while they still cherished illusions in regard to the world.

The youthful couple passed their honeymoon

at their chateau, but finally went to Paris to enjoy the gay season. Military duty soon after demanded Lafayette's presence at Mentz, and one day, while stationed at that fortress, he attended a dinner-party given to the Duke of Gloucester by the commander of Mentz, and this event was destined to change the whole tenor of his thoughts and life.

The King of England was the Duke of Gloucester's brother, and the duke expressed in blunt terms his annoyance at the outbreak in America, deriding the Yankee rebels.

"Well," said Lafayette, "I cannot agree with you, and I must avow that it fills me with sincere admiration for these simple-hearted, single-purposed people, who have denied themselves their favorite beverage, of which Anglo-Saxons are so fond, rather than submit to the exorbitant tax imposed on tea. And they have withstood all England's haughty demands with stubborn spirit and brave purpose, engaging in the struggle with forces inferior to those of the British, illy equipped and badly armed. In fact, at the battle of Bunker Hill they excelled the Greeks at the famous pass of Thermopylæ."

"You are not very flattering to England in your remarks, marquis, while your fulsome praise of these rebels implies a covert sneer at England," the duke retorted.

"Not at all, but I do like to see justice, and I think England has acted more like a step-mother than a fond parent to her daughter, America," the marquis rejoined.

"I am quite sure you do not consider the state of your own country and the abject poverty and degraded condition of the peasantry in France, and I think you would better turn your attention to improving their condition than to sympathize with the Yankee rebels," the duke said.

Lafayette bit his lips, and his eyes flashed, but the truth of the duke's remarks was too obvious to be denied, so he replied:

"The time is not yet ripe for action in France, but the seeds of liberty will surely take root in France also, and I prophesy that within the next ten or fifteen years we shall see many changes."

"I must rise to respond to this toast to George III.," said the duke just then, and their conversation was not resumed.

But the marquis' imagination was fired with the accounts he had heard of the Americans, their active measures against their British rulers, and their bold defiance in daring to cast off the yoke when their cause seemed hopeless.

He deemed their audacity most astonishing in measuring swords with their powerful enemy. The battles of Concord and Bunker Hill had opened the eyes of the English army, and the redcoated officers, who had scoffed at the Yankee yeomanry, now realized that they could fight, and were formidable antagonists, although the majority were poorly equipped and fought with old rusty firelocks, and worm-eaten muskets, and their scanty store of ammunition had given out at Bunker Hill. Never-



theless they bore that disaster, which was a victory in the midst of defeat, with great equanimity, while it served to temper their spirit for the ensuing struggle, and the patriots were determined to fight for liberty until the last drop of blood was shed.

The accounts Lafayette had heard of Washington aroused an intense admiration for the American commander-in-chief, and a desire to know him personally.

The following conversation Lafayette had with his wife shortly after the incident narrated, shows how this brave little woman encouraged him in his chivalrous desire to aid the Americans.

"*Ma petite*," the marquis said, "what would you say if I should go to America to join the brave Washington and aid him in fighting for the rights of those downtrodden colonies?"

"Oh, Gilbert, how noble you are! Although I should miss you sadly, I should be an unworthy descendant of the race to which I belong, if I should seek to deter you from carrying out such a chivalrous enterprise, for my heart bleeds for the wrongs of those poor people."

"Those sentiments bear the true ring, *ma mignonne*, and do honor to your ancestry. It will be a sacrifice to leave you, dear, when our honeymoon is not yet over, but honor bids me go; and I obey. I shall soon return and our love will not be chilled by my absence, dear. I thank you for nobly seconding my plans; all the more so as my family is bitterly opposed, and predict that I shall bring misfortune on

myself as well as you. But your cheerful acquiescence shows that you are of the true stuff a soldier's wife should be, and your noble disinterestedness increases my love and respect for you. God will bless the cause of Liberty, and my influence, wealth, and person shall be devoted to American interests. The very fact that a French aristocrat has joined hands with the brave Washington to defend his people's rights will greatly aid their cause."

"May Heaven prosper the cause of Liberty and bring you back safely to your devoted wife," the marchioness said, her voice choked with tears.

"If you feel so grieved to part with me, I shall not go, dear," the marquis added. "You know I would sacrifice everything in the world for your happiness—everything with one exception—my honor."

"No, no, Gilbert, you do not understand me," his wife hastily said. "I have only yielded to a few womanish tears, but I would not deter you from your noble purpose. No, dear, go and join the brave Washington, and I am sure the cause of Liberty will prosper. You can freely draw on your fortune for that purpose, as I have independent means of my own."

"But I shall not allow you to retrench the style of living you have been accustomed to, although I shall draw freely on my income; but as it is ample for all our wants, you will not suffer thereby," her husband replied.

It may appear singular that the young couple should discuss money affairs, but as a rule

French people are practical. We have given the reader a brief glimpse of the family life of the Marquis of Lafayette, and shall now follow his fortunes in America.

Among the many valiant men who volunteered to aid the United Colonies in their struggle against the mother country, there were none nobler than Lafayette, while his memory is revered by the American people to this day. He is unparalleled as one of the most interesting and romantic types in history. Married to the daughter of the Duke of Ayon, granddaughter of the Duke of Noailles, a young lady only fifteen at that time, of great personal beauty, large fortune, and many charms; while still in the enjoyment of their honeymoon, the young marquis' sympathies, as we have seen, were enlisted in America, and he resolved to aid the colonists in their struggles for the attainment of freedom, devoting his life and his fortune to the cause.

The news of the reverses suffered by the patriots in 1776 did not daunt him in the least, but only increased his chivalrous desire to succor the noble people whom he so greatly admired. Lafayette had broached the subject to Silas Deane, the American commissioner at the Court of St. James, when the disheartening intelligence was received that the remnant of the American army had retreated toward Philadelphia, pursued by thirty thousand English troops.

Franklin's timely arrival and persuasive eloquence did a great deal toward counteracting

the bad effect this produced, and the Marquis of Lafayette turned to him for sympathy. But the noble statesman, with great disinterestedness, advised him not to risk his life and fortune in a desperate cause until their circumstances should be more promising.

The marquis' purpose, however, remained unchanged, and his heart glowed with love and admiration for the cause of Liberty, although he was an aristocrat by birth.

It seems in this world as though every one has a mission to perform, and it was Lafayette's to aid the American patriots.

All the objections raised in regard to the lack of a vessel for transportation for himself and followers were unheeded, and the marquis avowed he would fit out a ship at his own expense, adding, to quote his words which are his historical:

"Hitherto I have only cherished your cause; now I am going to serve it. The lower it is in the estimation of the people, the greater effect my departure will have; and since you cannot get a vessel, I shall purchase and fit one out to carry your dispatches to Congress."

Before leaving for America, Lafayette proceeded to London and associated with the principal politicians in that city, and paid his respects to the king. He took no pains to conceal his sentiments and his admiration for American Independence, while he openly expressed his satisfaction at the patriots' success at Trenton.

But he would not visit seaports where expe-

ditions against America were being fitted out, as he did not wish to be condemned later for double dealing.

On his return to France he learned that his purposed expedition had not found favor with the French Court, so he kept himself concealed at a friend's house in Bordeaux, and hurried his departure for Pasage, a Spanish port, to await the receipt of the ship's papers.

Compelled to return to Paris by command of the king, after laying his reasons before him, and still encountering opposition, Lafayette determined to brave his displeasure, and he made his way back to Pasage, and shortly afterward sailed from that port, accompanied by De Kalb and eleven other foreigners of rank.

At the end of a seven weeks' voyage, they landed at Georgetown and proceeded to Charlestown. They were most enthusiastically received, and then they set out for Philadelphia by land; but as their carriage broke down, they made the rest of the journey on horseback.

On his arrival Lafayette sent his papers to Lovell, the chairman of the committee on foreign affairs. Much to the marquis' chagrin, his papers were returned on the following day with the information that so many foreigners had offered their swords to Congress, it felt perplexed how to find commands for all, suitable to their rank and pretensions.

Lafayette was positive that they had not even read his papers, therefore he sent a note to the President of Congress, at that time Hancock, assuring him that he requested permission to

serve in the Continental Army as a volunteer, without pay.

On July 31, 1777, Congress appointed him major-general in the Continental Army. This body considered the appointment merely honorary, but such were not the marquis' intentions.

Soon after Lafayette had received his appointment, Washington arrived in Philadelphia and they met at a dinner-party for the first time, and were mutually attracted to each other. Washington was pleased with Lafayette's fine, manly appearance, and frank address, and just as they were about to part, Washington called him aside, complimenting him upon the noble spirit he had manifested toward the cause of the Americans, while he invited him to join his staff.

It is needless to add that this proposal was joyfully accepted by the marquis, and the closest bonds of friendship ever after existed between these great men.

Lafayette was severely wounded at the battle of Brandywine by a British bullet, after he had dismounted and sword in hand, endeavored to rally the patriots, about to retreat to the woods. Lafayette fell, and his aid hastened to his assistance and put him on horseback, so that he might escape. Soon after Lafayette met an American surgeon, who bandaged his wounded leg, and the marquis continued on his way to Chester. Shortly afterward he met the patriots in full retreat, so Lafayette placed a guard over the entrance to the village, with orders to keep the soldiers at that place. As Lafayette's

wound became very painful, he was conveyed to Philadelphia, and thence to Bristol. A few days after, Henry Laurens, the President of Congress, having been obliged to abandon Philadelphia to the English army, proceeded with Congress to York. He stopped at Bristol for Lafayette, and took him in his carriage to York. And in Spark's Life of Washington we read that this kind act was never forgotten by the marquis and his wife, and later when Lawrence was imprisoned in the Tower of London, the marchioness wrote a touching letter in his behalf to Count De Vergennes, to solicit his aid in obtaining his release.

For several months the marquis' wound kept him confined to the house, a sad drawback for a man so impetuous and high spirited. At the expiration of that time he rejoined the American army.

Some historians have blamed Washington for venturing to hold Brandywine under such overwhelming drawbacks, because Howe's forces were superior to his, but with his usual far-sighted wisdom, he knew that even a defeat would be better than to allow the British to march on to Philadelphia and take possession of the capital without striking one blow in its defense.

However, Congress was not discouraged by this defeat, for it voted to invest Washington with greater power, as a proof of their confidence in him.

In consequence of the success of the British at the battle of Brandywine, the British army

marched into Philadelphia, September 26, 1777. But aside from gaining pleasanter quarters, they derived but little material benefit from this move, for the country remained unconquered.

The joyful news of Burgoyne's surrender, received soon after, aroused the drooping spirit of the commander-in-chief, and dispelled the general depression felt at the American reverses at Brandywine and Germantown.

General Howe felt it incumbent upon him to endeavor to conquer Washington, and the plot to surprise the American troops at White Marsh might have succeeded if it had not been for the timely warning given by a brave woman of Philadelphia, Lydia Darrah, the wife of a Quaker, at whose house Howe held a consultation with his officers.

Lydia's suspicions were aroused, and she determined to listen to their deliberations. Leaving her bed at midnight for this purpose and stealthily approaching the door, she heard all their plans. Then she regained the privacy of her room, feigning to be asleep, when soon after Howe called her to lock the door after them. On the following morning, although it was a bitter cold day, Lydia got a pass from Howe to leave the city to procure a supply of flour. Once beyond the British outposts, she hastened to the American camp to warn them of Howe's purpose, and then returned home, stopping on her way for the flour.

Her timely warning saved the Americans, and after a fruitless attempt to draw the patriots from their intrenchments, the British returned to Philadelphia.



General Howe was unable to conjecture who had betrayed his plans to the Americans.

The hearts of American women were enlisted in the cause, and they aided the patriots by their influence and co-operation in more ways than one during the Revolutionary war.

For some time no command suitable to his rank was conferred upon Lafayette by Congress, for fear of arousing the jealousy of American officers, although Washington repeatedly urged the advisability of doing so. Finally on December 1, 1777, the marquis was appointed to the command of a division in the Continental Army to succeed General Stephen.

## CHAPTER XI.

## VALLEY FORGE.

It was the depth of winter at Valley Forge, and the ground was covered with snow, while the rivers and outposts were frozen fast.

The chilly, wintry breeze penetrated the cracks of the illy built huts in which the soldiers were quartered, and rendered their habitation most uncomfortable; all the more so as they were insufficiently clad, in fact were in rags, while the few blankets they possessed were thin and worn, and afforded but scant protection from the piercing blasts of winter. And to add to their misery their supply of food was poor, and barely kept soul and body together. The patriots had the greatest difficulty in procuring provisions from the neighboring farmers, who were mostly tories, and withheld supplies from the suffering and destitute troops.

The Americans had but few horses in camp, and even yoked themselves to carts of their own construction to convey provisions to camp, when they could succeed in obtaining any, while others bore heavy loads on their own backs to supply the lack of draught horses.

General Washington reluctantly yielded to the necessity of making use of the power con-

ferred upon him by Congress to levy demands on the farmers for food and forage, and he always allowed them a fair price for whatever was brought in. But the situation of his army was desperate and never was the outlook so dark as during the trying winter at Valley Forge, which will stand out in history for untold ages, as a picture of the bravery and endurance of a handful of Americans, the shattered remnant of the army, who withstood the pangs of hunger, cold, and want, all for the sacred cause of Liberty. The love of country still survived in their gaunt forms attenuated by disease and privation, resembling specters as they stalked through the camp.

Washington and a foreigner, an officer of distinction, were walking around the encampment, while sentinels paced up and down.

As they passed by one of the miserable huts, several hoarse voices were heard growling: "No pay, no clothes, no rum."

Soon after a miserable wretch was seen gliding from hut to hut, his emaciated form barely covered with an old ragged blanket slung over his shivering form.

"Never in all my life have I seen such destitution before," the officer remarked. "Pardon me for saying so with the bluntness of an old soldier."

"Nothing is ever obtained in this world without some sacrifice," Washington replied. "The freedom of our country is dear to my heart, and if we are patient and trust in divine Providence, our struggles to obtain it will be re-

warded by the grace of God. Our cause is just and is bound to succeed."

"I admire your perseverance, general, and I must say your troops equal the ancient Spartans in physical endurance."

"Yes, they are brave men," General Washington answered, "and they will never yield, while a drop of blood remains in their veins. The mother country lost all claims to our allegiance by her unjust treatment of the colonies, which she crushed to the earth by excessive taxation, and the mutterings of discontent swelled louder and louder and reached the throne for a long period before the revolution broke out."

"And if a brave general's wise plans succeed, your efforts will be crowned with success, but you must admit the outlook is very dubious now," the officer resumed.

"Yes, and I have been overwhelmed with reproaches for my inactivity. Congress has not given me its full support, nor do the other generals in command look with favor on the measures necessity has compelled me to adopt, which I am positive will bring about success ultimately."

"As I wrote to Congress, it is much easier and less distressing to draw up remonstrances and objections in a comfortable room by a good fireside, than to occupy a cold, bleak hill, exposed to the wintry blast, and to sleep under frost and snow without clothes or blankets. My men are in rags as you see, and it makes my heart ache because I have not the means to

lessen their distress. But I trust that our Heavenly Father will bless our sacrifices in the cause of freedom."

"General, you shame me for my worldly doubts by your unswerving faith in Providence," the Frenchman said.

"Consider the stuff our men are made of," Washington replied; "descendants of Puritans, for the greater number of the contingent forces are from Massachusetts; these brave men inherit the spirit and fortitude of the Pilgrim Fathers, who came to this country, and cleared the wilderness in the depth of winter to erect their humble dwellings, and worship God after their own manner, suffering all sorts of privations, bitter cold, starvation, and the frequent raids of the Indians, while they bore all these trials unflinchingly. Often these men would return from work in some distant field or some hunting expedition to find their hearths deserted, their homes smoking ruins, and the traces of blood to tell the bitter tale of death and desolation; for the redmen had raided the settlement during their absence, massacring the greater number of helpless inhabitants, bearing away their scalps as bloody trophies, and carrying off the women and children into captivity, whose lives they spared. Endurance of privations, constant self-sacrifices in the face of adversity, were the chief characteristics of these hardy New Englanders, and their descendants glory in their aspiration for freedom as a sacred heritage transmitted from their forefathers. From Virginia descendants of brave cavaliers

hastened to join hands with their brothers in the North, on the outbreak of the Revolution, all being animated with the same stern longing for liberty, which is breathed in with the air in the new world. From their inception Massachusetts and Virginia have been the hot beds of Liberty, Massachusetts the head and Virginia the heart of the Revolution. And the first seeds of rebellion against England's tyrannical rule were sown in those provinces; Samuel Adams in Massachusetts, and Patrick Henry in Virginia, being the most active in stirring the latent patriotism of the people before the war. Never shall I forget Patrick Henry's famous speech in 1765, at the Virginia assembly, as he said:

"Cæsar had his Brutus, Charles I. his Cromwell, and George III.—'Treason!' " was shouted from every part of the house.

Undaunted, Patrick Henry added: "May profit by their example. If this be treason make the most of it." And at the Virginia Legislation, convened in 1775, he also said with flashing eyes: "Is life so sweet as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God. I know not what course others may take, but as for me," he cried, "give me liberty, or give me death!" Shortly after this memorable speech came the news of the first shot fired at Lexington, and of the blood of patriots shed on that occasion. This was the spark which kindled a general conflagration throughout the country.

"With New England intrepidity, the stanch

qualities of the Middle States and Southern bravery, including all the other praiseworthy traits of our people, our cause is sure to prosper; while our flag is upheld by valiant patriots, who not only unflinchingly face the enemy's bullets, but, what is still more remarkable and praiseworthy, patiently endure privations of all kinds—cold, thirst, hunger, almost starvation and death, with Spartan fortitude."

"Yes, general, your cause is a just one, and Liberty will certainly flourish, while your men make such marvelous sacrifices to attain it," the French officer remarked. "And it is admirable how you keep the body and soul of the army together."

"*Exetis Acta Probat* is our family motto, and I endeavor to live up to it," Washington replied.

"It is remarkable, general, how in the new world, where rank and caste have been levelled, you still retain so much family pride," the Frenchman observed.

"Family pride is commendable, sir," Washington replied, "because it inspires the possessor with the desire so to live as not to bring discredit on his ancestor's good name, which is the greatest treasure on earth."

"You are right, general. Another thing that astonishes me is the strict discipline observed in your encampment, and the deep religious feeling which is prevalent among your men," the officer remarked.

"If our just cause succeeds, sir," the com-

mander-in-chief replied, "it will be in answer to the fervent prayers offered up by the whole army as well as the entire country. Like the crusaders in the middle ages, and the Covenanters of Scotland later, a prayer lingers on their lips as they rush into battle. Yes, a deep religious sentiment pervades all classes in our land, and may their faith never grow less, for that is the bulwark of the state—the greatest safeguard of the nation."

"Alas, general, and the lack of religious faith will be the ruin of la belle France, mark my words. The pernicious teachings of Voltaire, and so many other free thinkers has honey-combed our land. The court, with its vain frivolity, pays no heed to the wants of the suffering people and their most pressing needs, and keeps on its blind, reckless course of folly. The coming years will be fruitful of undreamed results for the French people. I assure you, I am a republican at heart, and some day the tree of liberty will blossom in our country as it has in America. But I foresee we shall have to wade knee-deep in blood before that end is accomplished. The French people are excitable, of a mercurial temperament, and lack the calm endurance your countrymen display, who are content to proceed slowly but surely, and await the result. No, the French are hot-headed, impetuous, and rash. But like Cassandra's, all warnings are unheeded by the court; and nobility as well as royalty, blindly rush onward to meet their doom. Alas, how will it all end?"

"Do not distress yourself, my friend, but



trust in Providence for the solution of the problem," Washington replied. "Only our Creator can foresee the future. Come, let us join the ladies, for Mrs. Washington desires to welcome you to our humble abode and wishes to partake of our frugal meal."

## CHAPTER XII.

### LAFAYETTE'S SERVICES.

DURING the winter of 1777 and spring of 1778, Lafayette saw active service. The most important action he took part in was at Barren Hill, May 18th and 19th, when he out-generaled the British commander, General Grant, by his masterly maneuvers. The militia had disobeyed orders on leaving White Marsh, so General Grant's approach was not discovered until the little band of patriots commanded by Lafayette were almost surrounded by superior forces about a mile from the American encampment.

Lafayette dispatched several squads through the woods, bidding them show themselves in order to deceive the enemy into the belief that Lafayette was going to attack the British. Therefore General Grant hastened forward to give them battle, but meanwhile the Americans had retreated across the Schuylkill to Valley Forge. General Grant was chagrined to find that he had been outmastered by the "stripling Frenchman," as he called Lafayette.

Meanwhile General Washington anxiously watched the whole proceedings through his field-glass, and saw the peril to which Lafay-

ette was exposed, and when he finally returned to Valley Forge, the commander-in-chief received him with open arms.

Lafayette soon won the hearts of the whole army, while the soldiers fairly worshipped him.

Discarding all the advantages of rank and luxury, which his station entitled him to, Lafayette assumed the uniform of the Continental officers, shared all their hardships, and uncomplainingly bore all the privations to which they were exposed; a most remarkable self-sacrifice in a Frenchman, accustomed to all the luxuries and refinements of a court.

Gates, and the faction opposed to Washington from envious motives and self-interest, endeavored to wean Lafayette from his allegiance to the great man, but they little knew him, when they imagined that they might influence him against his revered friend. Through their schemes Lafayette was appointed to the command of a force to invade Canada, without consulting the commander-in-chief. When the marquis informed Washington of this project he replied:

"You would better proceed to York for instructions from Congress, marquis."

"But I do not like it because this move was taken without first asking your advice, general," Lafayette replied.

"In such matters as this you must put all personal feelings aside, as I do, and only consider what is best for the country," Washington said, with his usual magnanimity, disdaining to notice the envious plots and machinations of his enemies.

Shortly after Lafayette was present at a dinner given by Gates, and several toasts were drunk. The marquis' suspicions were aroused by the coldness with which they received the toast he proposed to the commander-in-chief. And he fathomed the designs of Gates and others, who desired to separate him from his beloved chief by sending him on an expedition into Canada, so far removed from Washington. On discovering that General Conway was second in command, Lafayette used his influence to have Baron De Kalb appointed second, and as he was Conway's senior in rank, the latter was left third in command.

Finally, after remaining three months in Albany, Lafayette returned to Valley Forge, having received information from Congress that the scheme for the invasion of Canada had been abandoned.

## CHAPTER XIII.

## BATTLE OF MONMOUTH.

LAFAYETTE was almost heart-broken shortly after on receiving the news of the death of his first-born. And he wrote a most touching letter to his wife. After expressing his grief at the loss of the little prattler, his golden-haired girl, whom he scarcely knew, as he had left her in her infancy, he ended his letter by thanking God for the birth of their second child, who came into the world shortly after his departure for America. And in the most tender phrases he endeavored to console the sorrowing mother, expressing his deep love for her in the warmest terms.

The marchioness was a most unselfish woman and devoted wife. Although wealthy, young, and beautiful, her head was not turned by the adulation she received in society. After encouraging her husband in his chivalrous enterprise, she went home to her mother's house, and led quite a secluded life during the marquis' absence, devoting herself to her little ones, while her greatest pleasure consisted in reading her husband's letters, which were not very frequent, owing to the difficulties of communications at that time.

Her heart was tortured with anxiety when she learned that Lafayette had been wounded, although her pain was mingled with the pride she felt at the bravery he had displayed on the battlefield, and his efforts to rally the disheartened Americans to fresh efforts.

Lafayette's life reads like a romance, while the pure relations he sustained with his wife, appear like an idyl; and their love never grew cold during their long married life and his absence from home. His noble self-sacrifice was all the more remarkable from the fact that he was so young, so happy in his home; yet he abandoned all to place his sword at the service of the Americans in their hard-fought struggle for liberty. Never did he lose hope of their ultimate success, even in the darkest days of the Revolution.

Lafayette's campaigns and exploits during the war are well-known to all readers of American history; how he skillfully eluded the British at Barren Hill, escaping from General Grant, who fancied he had the enemy within his grasp, and could crush him; and how at the battle of Monmouth, he also displayed his usual gallantry.

On May 24th, General Howe had left Philadelphia, after requesting the home government to recall him. A month later Sir Henry Clinton evacuated the city with the whole British army.

Washington, on the watch for the enemy, pursued the British through New Jersey, and decided to give them battle at Monmouth, June

28, 1778. When General Lee, who was in command of a part of the army, ordered a retreat, Lafayette came to the front, and sent a messenger to advise Washington of this un-called for move. Washington hurried to the scene, and by his timely presence turned the tide of battle, converting an imminent retreat into a victory for the Americans. Historians affirm that this is the only occasion on which the commander-in-chief lost his usual serenity. With flashing eyes, and commanding brow, he rebuked Lee in scathing terms for not carrying out the movements he had instructed him to make.

Placing himself at the head of the retreating forces, Washington rallied them, while they cried with one accord: "Long live Washington!" filled with enthusiasm by the presence of their beloved chief, and prepared to meet the enemy with a bold front.

After restoring discipline, Washington rode up to Lee, and pointing to the troops said:\*

"Will you command in that place, sir?"

"I will," he eagerly replied.

"Then I expect you to check the enemy immediately," said the commander-in-chief in a curt tone.

"Your command shall be obeyed, and I will not be the first to leave the field," Lee replied, anxious to retrieve his reputation.

Back to the main army Washington hurried,

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\* See Lossing's Field Book of the Revolution, vol. II., page 154.

and formed the straggling lines into battle array, while Lee fought desperately at the head of his men and was the last to leave the field.

It was during this battle that Molly Pitcher distinguished herself by assuming the place of her husband, an artillery man, who was shot down at his gun by an English bullet. Molly saw him fall, and rushing up to the cannon, offered to take his place. This intrepid woman was so skillful in the discharge of the warlike task she had assumed, that she was rewarded by the commander-in chief with the rank of sergeant and was known throughout the army as Captain Molly Pitcher.



## CHAPTER XIV.

## DELIVERY OF THE TWIG.

ON the arrival of Mr. Gerard, minister plenipotentiary from France to the United States, July, 1778, a quaint custom was observed by the minister, namely the delivery of the Twig and Turf to Mr. Gerard by Mr. Deane, minister from Congress to France.

When Mr. Deane landed he immediately cut a piece of turf and delivered it to Mr. Gerard, who carried it to his lips, and crossed himself after the Roman Catholic fashion. This is an ancient symbol of rendering possession of land, and was by law necessary in all transfers, while receiving and kissing it, denoted acceptance of the gift.

Julius Cæsar, on his invasion of Britain, is said to have performed a similar act.

A committee from Congress received the French minister with certain ceremonies, entirely new, and adopted for that occasion. Accompanied by Honorable R. Lee, from Virginia, and Honorable Samuel Adams from Massachusetts, Mr. Gerard took his seat in a handsome equipage, drawn by six horses, provided by Congress and proceeded to the seat of government to present his credentials.

Later in the day Congress gave a banquet in his honor.

In contrast to this republican simplicity was the reception accorded to Franklin and Silas Deane by Louis XVI. in their character as minister plenipotentiary and commissioner from the United States.

Franklin and Deane drove to the palace in an elegant equipage, attended by lackeys and coachmen in superb French liveries. A band struck up strains of martial music as they entered the court, and the French flag was lowered as a salute to them, while the French officers also saluted the American dignitaries. Within the palace they were received by the one-hundred Swiss, and the major of that favorite regiment announced the ministers of the United States as they were ushered into the presence of royalty. The whole court, the college of Paris, the bishops, nobility, ministers, with foreign and home ministers, as well as the ladies, all arose and saluted them.

Dr. Franklin was quite agitated, but the Count of Vergennes hastened to cover his embarrassment by waiving certain forms, and presenting him to the king, who kindly took him by the hand, in accordance with the English fashion, and receiving his credentials at once, entered into conversation with him. Franklin made scores of friends at the French court, and everybody was delighted with the philosopher's wit and kindly nature, which rendered him very popular.

Marie Antoinette was also very partial to the

great philosopher, who did not disdain to pay her flattering compliments, copying the French fashion.

Franklin was noted for his ready wit. While at the French court, on being informed that the English ambassador, Lord Stourmouth had circulated news highly unfavorable to the Americans, Franklin retorted with a shrug of his shoulders: "C'est un Stourmouth."

## CHAPTER XV.

### EXPEDITION TO RHODE ISLAND.

SOON after this event in July, 1778, the expedition to Rhode Island was organized, and Lafayette was ordered to proceed to that place at the head of two brigades of Continental troops.

The call from Rhode Island on Massachusetts and Connecticut, produced an enthusiastic response, and thousands of volunteers, a great many gentlemen of wealth and distinction from Boston, hastened to bear arms in the cause of freedom.

The Massachusetts militia was headed by General Hancock.

This expedition was unfortunate, and its failure was mainly due to a violent storm, which separated the French fleet, and swept the shore, leaving ravages in its course which were not effaced for a long time after. Count D'Estaing had sailed forth to meet the British, August 10th, but in the furious tempest which soon after burst forth, D'Estaing's flagship was disabled, and he therefore concluded to put into Boston, much to the chagrin of the American forces, who were thus virtually abandoned, as they had depended on the count's aid and co-operation.

This move brought forth a vigorous protest, signed by Hancock, Sullivan, and others, but to no purpose. Sullivan in the general order at that time stated :

"The general cannot help regretting the sudden and unexpected departure of the French fleet, as he finds that it has a tendency to discourage some who placed great dependence upon the assistance of it, *though he can by no means suppose the army or any part of it endangered by this move.*"

This same Admiral D'Estaing subsequently left the Americans in the lurch at the South, at a most critical period, under pretense that he must seek winter quarters, although it was only then in the month of October.

Lafayette stood to his colors, however, and was in no way to blame for his fellow-countryman's behavior. Indeed, he tried to persuade him to return to Newport.

Owing to the disastrous consequences of the storm, the expedition was finally abandoned, after several skirmishes with the enemy, during which Lafayette, true to the traditions of his race, displayed great bravery. A resolution was passed by Congress shortly after thanking him for his noble efforts in behalf of the Americans.

## CHAPTER XVI.

## MASSACRES.

No event during the war so fully aroused the people to take an active part in driving out their tyrannical oppressors as the massacres enacted first in Wyoming, that poetic vale of the Susquehannah, in June, 1778, in Cherry Valley, in November, and in West Haven in July of the following year. The blood-curdling accounts of the atrocities committed by tories and the savage Iroquois Indians, aroused the latent patriotism of many, who at first had held back from engaging in the struggle, but now came forward to defend their hearths, and the lives and honor of their women against the British miscreants. The Hessians — mercenaries brought into the field by England—were as cruel as the savages in their conduct, and waged war alike on women and children.

Tryon and a large force landed at West Haven Point, July 4, 1779. The alarm was immediately sounded, drums beaten, bells rung, and the whole population turned out to make a stand against the enemy. A brave band of Americans, numbering twenty-five, under command of a lieutenant of militia drove upward of two hundred Englishmen for a mile, retard-

ing their entrance into the town for three hours, and thus affording the women a chance to escape.

Enraged by the opposition they met, the enemy finally succeeded in forcing their way into the place, and vented their fury by burning the houses after plundering them.

A few aged and infirm men, who were unable to escape, were killed in the most barbarous manner. One meek old man, who ventured to utter a gentle rebuke at their lawlessness, was run through the body with a bayonet thrust by one of the Hessians. His daughter rushed into the room, and finding her father on the floor in his death throes, cried: "Oh, how could you murder my father so cruelly?"

"Is he your father?" the wretch inquired. On her reply in the affirmative, he jumped upon the dying man, and kicking and abusing him, hastened his death.

The militia were fully aroused by these horrible acts, and hastening against the British, drove them to their boats in hot haste.

The British afterward landed at Fairfield, where they continued their depredations. The Hessians, like evil spirits let loose from the infernal regions, rushed on the helpless inhabitants, plundering and destroying their property, and killing the people in cold blood.

Mrs. Burr determined to endeavor to save her beautiful mansion by a personal appeal to Governor Tryon, which he should have listened to, coming from a lady. But he sent her a curt refusal, and her house was also consigned to the flames.

## CHAPTER XVII.

## HANNAH MOODY.

HANNAH MOODY lived in a little village in Massachusetts, and during the revolutionary war aided the patriots by every means in her power, curtailing her frugal expenditures, in order to send money to the destitute troops, and although the sums she sent from her scanty means were very small, no doubt they were credited to Hannah in the golden book, as the widow's mite was.

Hannah was no beauty, for she was angular, lean, and sharp-featured, and her wisp of gray hair was drawn back severely into a tight knot at the back of her head, resembling very much a door-knob. Her lips were thin and colorless, her nose pointed like a weasel's, while her complexion was sallow; and her skin resembled parchment stretched over a drum.

Never possessing any personal charms, Hannah studiously avoided the other sex from her earliest childhood, declaring that those pesky men "critters" were the bane of a woman's existence.

Her father was a farmer, a stern and crabbed man, and his wife's life, like those of her class,



was hard and barren. Her spirit was utterly crushed by her husband's tyrannical ways. That may have been the reason why Hannah had formed such a harsh judgment of matrimony as well as the hand to hand fight she sustained with poverty. On her father's death Hannah worked the farm with the assistance of a laboring man, and managed to eke out a bare subsistence from the hard, unfruitful soil, while she spared her mother as much as possible, and made the old lady's life happier than it had ever been before. It was a pleasant sight to see the old, wrinkled dame, attired in her best black gown on Sunday afternoon, with a white cap on her head, a white apron over her gown, seated by a table, in a high backed chair, with the family Bible open before her. Adjusting her spectacles, she would read favorite passages from the Scriptures to Hannah. And this was the greatest diversion she could enjoy, which she had never found leisure to indulge in during her husband's lifetime; for the old man considered reading a waste of time.

When Hannah's mother died, she gave up the farm and took a tiny house in the village, and she afforded the people plenty of food for gossip by her peculiarities.

She would mount a ladder and paint the outside of her house herself, authoritatively ordering the passers-by to cross over to the other side of the street and leave her undisturbed.

Her dress was very peculiar. She had never been fond of finery in her palmy days and she always fashioned her gowns after a peculiar

pattern of her own invention. Her bonnet was always perched on the back of her head, with strings flying, and she always wore short, scant skirts, and loose jackets. Hannah was a devout churchgoer, and was a queer figure when she marched up the aisle on Sundays.

Hannah had one tender spot in her heart, not for a cat, which is usually the adjunct of an old maid, but for a dog, a lean, yellow mongrel, that resisted his mistress' efforts to make him grow fat, and which always looked famished.

"Folks think I never feed that dog," Hannah would say. "But the fact is that 'er critter never grows fat, he is so smart. Would you believe it? I picked up that dog one day when he was lying in the gutter, whining with a broken leg. I took him home and nursed him, and he got well. And, land, if he did not go off and bring back another dog with a broken leg. And so I mended his also and sent him on his way rejoicing, while my dog wagged his tail as much as to say: 'I am satisfied with you.' That dog has more sense than some folks I know," she would add, with a knowing look, as though implying that the mongrel were brighter than the person she was taking to.

Hannah used to go out to sew by the day, or to help the housewives with their spinning, preserve-making, and other household duties, and she added considerably to her small income by these means. She was always received cordially and she entertained people by her shrewd, sharp remarks. She also gathered considerable gossip in her rounds, which she would retail, adding

zest to any story by her caustic remarks, that were like mustard on ham, and brought out the flavor.

We said before that Hannah was not fond of the other sex, although she had had her experience of the tender passion. Feeling very lonely after her mother's death, Hannah found herself in the stage-coach for a day's journey to visit a relative whom she had not seen for some time. The only other passenger in the stage was a good-looking, kind-hearted man, who extended the usual courtesies customary among travelers. His kindness melted Hannah's tough heart, and she felt a strange fluttering of this organ, unknown up to that time, as she had always steeled it against the other sex; for, with keen shrewdness, she was aware that as a rule, plain women do not find favor with men, and her ugliness was against her finding a mate; for "all that those pesky critters care for is a pretty face," she would say.

Hannah's traveling companion gave her his address when they parted, and when she reached her destination, she began to ponder over his attentions to her, and finally deluded herself into the belief that he had fallen in love with her, but was too bashful to speak for himself.

This conviction induced Hannah to take the initiative; so on her return home she laboriously composed a letter, which was a queer specimen of chirography and composition, and she unveiled in this epistle the disturbed condition of her virgin heart, while she intimated how pleased she would be to join her lot to the

fortunate mortal who had inspired her with a warm affection—or like a second Moses with his magic wand, touched the rock and caused the refreshing stream to gush forth—she might have added, had she been familiar with rhetorical phrases.

But Hannah was a simple country woman, plain and practical in her speech as well as person, so she bluntly came to the point. And then she anxiously awaited a reply.

At the expiration of a fortnight the mail coach brought the long looked for answer, and poor Hannah felt her heart sink with a premonition of evil, as she broke the seal, for in those days no envelopes were used, and the same sheet of paper the letter was written on was folded and sealed.

Her traveling companion expressed his gratitude for the honor she had conferred on him, adding that he was unable to reciprocate, as he was married already, and the father of six children.

Hannah bore her disappointment well, and steeled her heart even more against those “pesky critters,” although when the Revolution broke out her patriotism moved her to knit warm hose for the destitute patriots, and send them relief from her scanty stores. Furthermore, Hannah was one of the first to abstain from drinking tea, of which she was very fond.

Hannah always carried her foot-stove to church as she believed in making herself comfortable. Those old Puritan meeting houses were cold and bleak, and although in summer

the temperature was almost tropical, in winter it was as cold as Greenland, and the congregation would shiver through the long sermon which usually lasted an hour and a half.

After the services were over Hannah would return to her lonely hearth, and partake of a cold dinner of pork and beans, or some other homely dish, washed down with a glass of cider. In those days New Englanders kept the Sabbath most religiously as a holy day, instead of a holiday. Food was cooked on Saturday for Sunday's consumption. A few would warm their Sunday dinners, but this self-indulgence was not countenanced. Heavy fines were imposed for breaking the Sabbath, and no man was allowed to kiss his wife on that day. Visiting was also tabooed on the Lord's day, and the effects of these stringent rules and cast iron laws are still visible in New England.

Hannah, as she sat by her lonely hearth, would think of her mother, and the comfort she derived from her perusal of the Scriptures, the only relaxation she ever enjoyed.

Hannah's yellow dog was beginning to show the traces of age as well as his mistress, and he would lie at her feet, resting his head on his front paws, and gazing up into her face with his watery eyes, dimmed with age. And if Hannah would address him he would respond to her greeting by wagging his tail, which sounded on the wooden floor as loud as a knocker.

The dog was so carefully trained he knew that he must not bark on the Lord's day, and

he always behaved himself with due propriety, escorting Hannah to church, and waiting outside for her until it was time to go home.

Hannah would often say:

"I declare, that dog seems like a human being instead of a dumb animal, and to see him on the Sabbath Day it seems as though he were saying his prayers. And as soon as Monday comes he barks and runs about like all possessed, as though he were glad it was over. I tell you that dog knows a heap more than some folks I know," Hannah would add, who liked to have a fling at her neighbors.

The old maid could not bear children, and she was often tempted to rap one of Deacon Smith's boys over the head, the days she went to his house, while she would flourish her hands as though she could scarcely keep them off of the little torments.

The delinquencies of Zacariah above all, afforded her a theme for conversation at the Monday meal at the next house where she was employed.

"Would you believe it, that little imp is up to all sorts of mischief," she would say. "His father keeps his accounts in a big ledger, and he takes great pride in having his book clean.

Yesterday he was called away to speak to a tenant and while he was gone, Zacariah spilt the horn ink-bottle over it, and then daubed the ink over his face so when Deacon Smith came back, his guilt was too plain to be denied. Instead of giving him a good wallopping, as I would have done to cure him of his evil ways,

all that his father said was, for although he is a God fearing man, he could not keep in any longer: 'You are an imp of Satan.' And it would have made you feel bad to see the poor old man wipe up the ink, but his ledger was spoiled, and his work lost. The Lord only knows what will become of that bad boy," Hannah added, shaking her head. "When he comes to my house on an errand, I am obliged to shut up my poor dog, for he plays such cruel tricks on him. And when Nero sees him coming he rushes up and hides under the bed. That dog knows a heap, and knows enough to keep out of a naughty boy's way."

Like the majority of New England women of the middle class, Hannah was a good cook, and her crullers and mince pies were famed all over the village. Hannah was always called on for donation parties, and all festive occasions.

Donation parties were relied upon by the ministers in those days to eke out their scanty means. And their parishioners would drive up to the parsonage with their wagons loaded with barrels of potatoes, and all sorts of provisions.

On such occasions Hannah took it upon herself to overlook the supplies, and if they fell short or were not of the best quality, she would admonish the unlucky delinquent for his lack of charity in such scathing terms he would wince under the lash of her tongue.

Spinning bees also served as a slight diversion for the women who would congregate at the minister's, each with her spinning wheel and supply of flax.

During revolutionary days the chief refreshment was liberty tea, made from dried leaves of the raspberry plant, or four-leaved loose-strife. Quilts of patchwork of gorgeous hues were also made up at a sewing bee, and Hannah was particularly proud of one she had made with texts from Scriptures, written or worked into the patches, so that the first thing that met the eye on awakening was some Scriptural admonition of the wrath to come.

From chroniclers of those days, we learn that parsons were not teetotalers, and when the men of the parish helped to reap and to mow the minister's land, they were not restricted to the mild beverage of liberty tea, which they considered woman's slops, but were regaled with a stronger drink, plenty of old New England rum—the "firewater" which had proved so disastrous to the red man.

Hannah was a general factotem, and also officiated at deaths, and laid out the corpse, while it would make her hearers often shiver to hear the gruesome accounts she gave of the execution of this lugubrious task, and how she would dwell on the fine points of the corpse.

In these old revolutionary days mourners were provided with gloves and mourning rings, which was quite a heavy tax on the bereaved family. However, this custom was finally abolished.

Hannah was a firm believer in ghosts, and as twilight deepened, would delight to sit by the fireside and narrate the ghostly visitations which had come within her knowledge. She



also believed in the power of the evil eye, and that the devil went prowling about the village on his nefarious rounds. She would enjoy preaching of the evils of sin, and the everlasting punishment which overtakes delinquents. Her proclivity for telling ghost stories, added to her fascination for the children, who gathered around her and listened with open mouths.

Notwithstanding Hannah's assertion that she disliked children she had a tender spot in her heart for the little ones, and liked to gather them around her. She was like a nut with a hard shell, but with a sweet kernel inside, for she had a good heart in spite of her forbidding exterior.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

## COUNT D'ESTAING.

WHILE Count D'Estaing was in Boston several entertainments were given in his honor, and he also received a large number of guests on board the *Languedoc*.

General Hancock prepared a pleasant surprise for him, presenting a full-length portrait of General Washington to the count in the course of the afternoon. The frame was covered with laurels and placed in a most conspicuous place, while all expressed their satisfaction at this gracious act on the part of Hancock.

Hancock gave a splendid ball to the admiral and his officers at the concert hall in Boston on October 29th and the *élite* of the city were present. Among them the general's wife was one of the most admired, and she entertained the French officers with her witty sallies.

Count D'Estaing bore himself with all the haughtiness of an aristocrat, and the scornful curl of his lips at times, as well as his impetuous and erratic movements, for he was a self-willed man, who would brook no control, rendered him somewhat unpopular, especially among his officers. They resented the fact that he, a land-officer, had been placed over them,

for they would have preferred some one who belonged to the regular navy.

The count's lineage was one of the most ancient in France, and dated back to the year 1000 when Philip Augustus, King of France, was engaged in war with the Flemings. In a fierce bloody battle the king was personally set upon by a Flemish officer who was about to slay him just as one of D'Estaing's ancestors came to his rescue, and after saving his sovereign fell dead at his feet. In recognition of this service the king commanded that all his descendants should enjoy the privilege of bearing the king's arms.

Like many other Frenchmen of rank Count D'Estaing was destined to a tragic death. He became a member of the Assembly of Notables in the French Revolution, and being accused of unfriendliness to the Terrorists, was guillotined April 29, 1793.

A few days after the ball to the French officers, General Hancock gave a dinner to Count D'Estaing and his officers at his handsome residence.

The Hancock mansion was brilliantly illuminated with wax tapers, and the table was laid with forty courses.

Mrs. Hancock was attired in a stiff, rustling brocade, and the flush of animation on her countenance lent an additional charm to her piquant beauty, while her frequent smiles made the dimple on her cheek still more seductive and dangerous to the peace of her admirers, as one of the gallant Frenchmen told her. But

Dorothy, with true New England reserve, did not like such compliments, and she evaded all gallantry with delicate tact.

The count was seated at her right hand, and during the buzz of conversation going on around them, he murmured in a low tone in Dorothy's ear:

"I have had the honor of hearing your name mentioned frequently, Mrs. Hancock, and it has become very familiar to me. I have heard it so often from Lord Grey's lips, whom I met in Paris before coming to America."

The smile faded from Dorothy's lips, and the flush from her cheek, but quickly recovering her self-possession, she replied with assumed gayety:

"Indeed, and what did he say about me?"

"Ah, madam, his unceasing regret is that another man bore off the prize," the count added.

Mrs. Hancock turned red, and she looked vexed as she replied:

"I see no reason why Lord Grey should keep my memory so fresh in his mind, when our acquaintance only lasted a little over two months."

"In affairs of the heart, months or even days, are equivalent to years, madam, and lovers never forget. Lord Grey has been constant and no other woman has ever occupied his thoughts. Indeed, on learning that I was about to visit America, he begged me to see you, and to ascertain whether you are happy in your married life. He feels that he is not long for this world, and the thought that you may not be happy distresses him," the count said.

"What an eccentric man!" Dorothy exclaimed. "Although Lord Grey is now an enemy to my country, I still retain a friendly regard for him; but the idea of his fancying that I am not happy is absurd!"

"Lord Grey is no longer an enemy to your country, madam, and he withdrew from the army in order not to draw his sword against America. Shortly after his return to England he inherited the title he now bears and took up his abode in his ancestral manor. But disappointed love preyed on his mind, and he became a wanderer, and the victim of a fatal disorder, while his succumbing to it is only a question of time," Count D'Estaing added.

Dorothy heaved a faint sigh and remained buried in thought.

"Will you not send some kind message to lighten the last hours of a dying man?" the count inquired.

Dorothy looked at him intently, and then said: "Count, our ideas on matrimonial obligations appear to differ. Much as I esteem Lord Grey, and much as I lament hearing of his approaching dissolution, I cannot encourage any vague hope he might still retain in regard to my affection, by sending a message, which I am sure my husband would disapprove of. I may seem hard and unfeeling, but I assure you it is not so, and it has deeply grieved me to hear of Lord Grey's condition. But I cannot consent to cause my husband any annoyance, by sending a message to Lord Grey.

"To arouse his insane jealousy, you would

say. I have heard of the general's *jealous* disposition before," the count retorted.

Dorothy flushed angrily, and said with a dignified air:

"Count, I beg you to spare me any disagreeable comments on my husband's peculiarities. General Hancock is very fond of me, as I am of him, and that is quite sufficient for the world to know."

"But I have heard that the general has a violent temper," the count added, forgetting his usual tact.

"Count, it does not behoove me to listen to any aspersions on my husband's character, nor does it you—" She paused, seeing that her natural vehemence was carrying her too far, for she was about to add, "nor you as his guest."

Divining her thoughts, Count D'Estaing replied. "Nor I as his guest, you would say. Perhaps hospitality does levy a claim on me to the extent of paralyzing my tongue, therefore I beg your pardon, and I shall not allude to this matter again." And then changing the conversation he began to discuss indifferent topics.

Dorothy now regretted that she had snubbed him, as she was anxious to hear more about Lord Grey, and she was really distressed to hear that he was so ill. The count was too diplomatic, however, to brave another rebuff, so he quietly parried all her attempts to draw him out again. His words had stirred the memories of the past and as she dwelt on her happy girlhood and her marriage, her married life, the trials she had undergone on account of

General Hancock's capriciousness and impetuosity, she heaved a faint sigh. The loss of their first child, Lydia, who died in infancy, was a sore subject with the general as well as with Dorothy. Their little son was sickly, and his parents feared he would never attain manhood. He was named after George Washington, but did not enjoy the rugged constitution of his illustrious namesake. General Hancock seemed to have a foreboding that they would lose their only child, and that he would not survive him long, so he was worrying about his estate. He desired to leave the greater part to his nephew, after making provisions for his widow. The frequent attacks of gout he suffered rendered him morose and irritable, and he was insanely jealous of his wife, while he could scarcely bear her out of his sight.

"I suppose you will marry the first good-looking man you meet after my death," he would sometimes mutter fretfully.

"How can you suggest anything so horrid," Dorothy replied. "You know I only care for you, and if Providence should take you first, I would speedily follow you to the grave."

"Humph, we'll see," he muttered, somewhat mollified by those words. His wife's sweet disposition endeared her to him more and more.

General Hancock's nephew had fallen in love with a beautiful girl, who lived not far from Boston.

Aware of his uncle's idiosyncrasies he did not dare to ask his consent to their marriage.

Time passed on, and their engagement was

still kept secret, when he finally concluded to appeal to Dorothy for help.

Like all true women, she was always interested in a love affair, and she soon thought of a scheme to soften the general's obdurate heart, who had frequently warned his nephew that he would choose a suitable partner for him, and that he would not allow John to marry without his consent.

"You must bring Miss Scott to visit me," Dorothy said. "She is a sweet, charming girl, and I am sure she will win her way into the general's good graces. Meanwhile you must omit your frequent visits, so that the general may not suspect that you are in love with her."

"How good you are, aunt, but I do not know whether I can persuade Betsy to accept your invitation, as she is so shy, and unaccustomed to society," he answered.

"Leave that to me. I shall write to her, and drive out to Roxbury to fetch her," Mrs. Hancock said.

"She will never be able to refuse you, aunt," Mr. Hancock said, highly elated.

Mrs. Hancock was as good as her word. She was troubled by no selfish misgivings, although she knew if her husband's forebodings came true, and their child should die, and her husband too, that the general would bequeath the greater part of his vast estate to his nephew, to keep up the family name.

A few days later Dorothy prepared the general for the expected guest, giving an evasive reply to his question, "Where had she met the



young girl?" Mrs. Hancock brought Betsy home, and presented her to the general, who was very much pleased with her from the first, as she bore herself with a modest, diffident air, which was charming.

Betsy's cheeks were pink, her complexion a dazzling white, her eyes blue as violets, with an innocent, child-like expression, and she had a very sweet disposition.

General Hancock, although a most polished gentleman was not very profuse in gallant speeches, but he was so charmed with Betsy, he called her a sweet, wild rose, and they became very good friends. Mrs. Hancock kept in the background, to allow Betsy to minister to the general's wants, and thus win her way to his heart.

While the novelty lasted General Hancock did not appear to notice this, but finally he said:

"Dorothy, my dear, you are neglecting your poor husband."

"Why, I thought you would prefer to be waited on by a young, pretty girl, so much younger than your wife," Dorothy said.

"But not as charming, my dear," he replied. "You know no cup of tea ever tastes so good as that which you hand me with your lovely hands."

"My darling husband," impulsively exclaimed Dorothy, rushing up to him, and throwing her arms around his neck.

"Ah, this seems like the good old times of our honeymoon," he said passionately respond-

ing to her caresses. "Do you know, dear, how long it is since you voluntarily gave me any demonstrations of affection?"

"Is it? I was not aware of it. But it is not becoming in a sober, married couple to yield to such foolishness," she added, endeavoring to draw away her hands which he firmly held in his.

"Do not call it foolishness, nor yield to any such puritanical views," he added, drawing her closer. "Love, and its manifestations, is the elixir of life, and we cannot live without it. I feel sometimes that I have not been so kind to you as you deserve. Absorbed in affairs of state, my health broken, my heart saddened by the loss of our little Lydia, I have failed to render those delicate little attentions which are so dear to a woman's heart. Imbittered by disappointment, and harassed by my enemies, I have been morose and often hurt your feelings by my irritable words."

"Never mind that, John," Dorothy said, imprinting a kiss on the top of his head. "I knew you did not mean it, and I attributed it all to your ill-health."

"Kiss me, dear," he said, and raising his head he looked into her eyes as he added: "Tell me frankly whether you have never regretted marrying such a cross-grained old fellow as I, instead of that gallant English officer who was so fond of you?"

Dorothy turned red, then the flush faded from her cheek, and she became deadly pale, and leaning on her husband's shoulder, she burst into tears.

General Hancock bit his lip and an angry flush mounted into his cheek, as he held her off and looking at her fixedly, said sternly:

"Can it be possible that you are unfaithful to me in thought, and still cherish that man's memory? Answer me, Dorothy, I insist," he added with compressed lips.

Dorothy raised her head, and drawing herself up proudly replied:

"General Hancock, I forbid you to assume that tone to me. If I just yielded to a burst of womanish tears, it was not because I am unfaithful to you in word or deed; no, not even in thought, for I have been a faithful, devoted wife to you. Nor do I still love the English officer you speak of. I did love him once, I confess, but that was a girlish dream which vanished with the stern realities of life. And he is now on his dying bed. And the thought that his hopeless love for me has embittered his existence is very trying," she added, yielding to another outburst of tears.

"Have you never seen or heard from him since that day before our marriage?" her husband sternly inquired.

"Never," she said, drying her tears.

"Then how is it that you know so much about him?" he added.

"Because Count D'Estaing brought a message from him," she replied.

"The scoundrel! to strive to sow dissension between me and my wife. I never have thought much of that Frenchman since he so basely deserted us at Newport. Policy has

obliged Congress to overlook that affair, but I still feel sore, because I am sure we could have driven the British out of Rhode Island had the count co-operated with the land forces."

"I thought that the terrible tempest, and the havoc it made was the chief cause of your failure," Mrs. Hancock said.

"Not at all, for we felt sure if the count had returned to Newport with his fleet, as we begged him to do, we would have come off victorious in the Rhode Island expedition. But in spite of the protest signed by Sullivan, Greene, myself, as well as others, he insisted on returning to Boston for repairs. General Lafayette, that noble-hearted Frenchman, endeavored to dissuade him from deserting us, informing him how disastrous this move would be to the American cause, but he refused to return. Under those circumstances further resistance was folly, therefore the militia returned to Boston. I suppose you are aware that Count D'Estaing wrote a vindictory letter to Congress," added General Hancock, "to which a polite reply was made. But that does not alter the case, I assure you, and I shall always bear Count D'Estaing a grudge for having wilted my military laurels. And now I dispise him still more for striving to sow dissension between me and my wife."

"You wrong the count," Mrs. Hancock said. "He brought the message only because it came from a dying man, and perhaps at this hour he has already breathed his last."

"It appears very singular that you should

take his death so much to heart, madam, if your heart belonged solely to your husband," General Hancock said.

"Oh, John, do you not see how it is? Put yourself in my place. Would you not feel badly at the news of a dear friend's death, even if you had not seen him for years; all the more so if you felt that you had been the innocent cause of his suffering?"

"That morbid New England conscience of yours makes mountains out of mole-hills," her husband said.

"But you have no cause to rebuke me, John, for I refused to send any message in reply, although the count begged me to do so, saying it would ease the last hours of a dying man. Come, John, let us kiss and make up," she added, her natural sweetness of temper getting the ascendancy and going up to her husband she kissed him, while he fondly said, as he clasped her in his arms: "My being so much older than you has always made me fear that you did not love me."

"How can you say so, when you know how proud I am of my distinguished husband?" Dorothy replied.

"Alas, you have no cause to be so now, as I am a suffering wreck of humanity," he said with a weary sigh, leaning back in his chair. "Disease, trouble, and pain have made me prematurely gray, and I look like a man of sixty. But what cannot be helped must be endured. You with your sunny disposition have sweetened my life, Dorothy. And it might

have been still more happy if I had not been tortured with jealousy."

"Say no more about that, John. Let us take a lesson from the past for the future, and have unshaken faith and trust in each other. To change the subject, tell me how you like Betsy?" inquired Mrs. Hancock.

"She is a lovely girl, but she cannot hold a candle to you," he replied. "And I am thinking she would be a good wife for John, my nephew."

"But you always said you did not like country girls," his wife added.

"You would not surely call Betsy country. Her manners are sweet and most charming," he answered.

"Well, she is not full of airs and graces as so many of the Boston belles are, but she is none the less charming," Dorothy resumed.

"Since she has been here, we have scarcely seen that graceless nephew of mine, and I wanted him to appreciate Betsy, and if he does not court her before some other man lays siege to her affections, he is a know nothing," General Hancock added.

Dorothy turned away to conceal her smiles, and then said:

"Would you really like to have John marry her?"

"Indeed I would, and I would settle half of my fortune on them if our little son does not survive me."

"Why should you fear our little boy will not live, John?" his wife anxiously said.

"Because I have a foreboding that he will die young, and we are not likely to have any more children. Our boy is a frail, delicate child. Therefore if I leave no children to inherit my wealth, one-half of my fortune will be ample provision for you, and the other half I shall bequeath to my nephew, so that he may keep up the name. This I owe to my uncle, whose vast wealth I have inherited. I suppose you are willing, Dorothy, if not say but the word, and no matter what the consequences may be, it shall all be yours."

"Oh, you are perfectly right, John," his wife replied. "But why do you think you'll die first? I may be the one to leave you."

"It is not at all probable, and if it were, I should not survive you long, for my whole existence is wrapped up in yours," her husband said.

"General, I never could keep a secret from you, and I now want to tell you frankly that John is in love with Betsy and has been engaged to her for some time; but he begged me to keep it quiet, until he saw how you liked her," Dorothy said.

"So you have both laid a trap for me," he suspiciously replied.

"Not at all, general, for I have told you the truth, which you would not have found out if I had not done so. John wanted to keep his engagement secret until he found out how you liked Betsy. I would never lend myself to any deception, and all that I have done is to withhold the truth for a little while. And you

would never have been any the wiser if I had not told you," said his wife.

"You are right, my dear, as you always are. And you must pardon your crabbed old husband," he resumed. "Send for John, for I want to settle this matter at once."

John Hancock soon made his appearance in answer to Mrs. Hancock's note, and he anxiously waited to hear what his uncle would say, as he did not care to marry without his consent.

"So your apparent evasion to Betsy's society was only a hoax to fool your old uncle," the general said. "Never mind, however, your aunt has interceded in your behalf, and you know I can never refuse her anything. I have sent for you to name the wedding-day," said his uncle.

"Uncle, how good you are," his nephew exclaimed. "I cannot express my gratitude."

"I have been talking over our family affairs, John, and Dorothy agrees with me in my plans. If our little boy should die, and I should not have any other issue, half of my fortune would be settled on you, because I should want you to keep up the name of Hancock."

"Do not mention that, uncle, for your forebodings may not come true. Why should you fear to lose little John?"

"Because I fear to lose him as we lost little Lydia. Somehow I feel he will not survive me. Anyway I want you to marry Betsy. So make haste for the wedding. Get the ring and license and I will foot the bills. You may dance while I pay the piper. I do not want



any love-sick swains around," Hancock said. "Now please ring for Pompey, and let him inform Mrs. Hancock that I await her pleasure, and we will take little John with us and drive out to Brookline."

## CHAPTER XIX.

## CAPTAIN SCOTT.

AMONG the friends who most frequently called on Governor Hancock, in 1780, was Captain Scott, the captain and part owner of one of Hancock's largest vessels, which traded between Boston and the West Indies. In those days a sea captain held a much higher rank socially than he does nowadays. Captain Scott was a very handsome man, hale and hearty, with genial, breezy manners, which rendered him a welcome guest wherever he went. He was of medium height, well-built, and with his clear blue eyes, florid complexion, and curly light hair was a goodly type of a descendant of Anglo Saxon forefathers.

Whenever Captain Scott entered the governor's room when he was under the weather, Hancock declared that he made him feel better, while he seemed to bring a whiff of salt air with him, fresh and invigorating, reviving his drooping spirits and his merry jests excited the governor's hilarity and put him in good humor.

Captain Scott was not a wealthy man, but he had enough of this world's goods to enjoy a comfortable subsistence, and during his travels he had acquired a knowledge of the world and

acquaintance with foreign customs which enabled him to entertain his hearers with pleasant tales of travel, while he often drew on his imagination to embellish his narrative.

However, on such occasions, a merry twinkle in his eye always betrayed him, and the governor quickly detected it whenever he overstepped the boundaries of truth, and would recall him to his senses, saying that he did not care for sailor's yarns, but all he wanted was the unvarnished truth.

Captain Scott would turn it off with a laugh, saying that a wider latitude should be allowed to a tar than to a landlubber.

Although the two men were so entirely different, they were united in a strong bond of friendship, exemplifying the saying that "opposites like their opposites."

Hancock in his younger days had always been fond of display and fine clothes, and notwithstanding his infirmities continued to be a model of elegance in his attire of the costliest and handsomest materials; and his laces, satins, and silk suits, as well as his ruffled shirts and diamonds, were the admiration of Boston. His manners were exceedingly courteous and he was a brilliant conversationalist and polished man of the world. The French officers, who partook of his hospitality, often remarked that he reminded them of a French courtier, as he seemed to the manner born. But Hancock would not have felt at home in a court, because he was high spirited, independent, and a true American, who believed that every man was a

king in his own right, and possessed rights which could only be enjoyed in a free country.

Captain Scott was somewhat unconventional, and although well-bred, in fact one of nature's noblemen, did not pay much regard to the demands of fashion—quite rigid in colonial times in that fair town by the sea—one of the most important seaports of the colonies, and the aristocratic denizens, who boasted that the bluest blood of England flowed in their veins, were great sticklers for etiquette. None more so than General Hancock in his social relations, as he occupied the position of one of the wealthiest and most influential men in Boston.

Captain Scott openly admired Mrs. Hancock, and never met her without some gallant speech and praise of her beauty.

But strange to say, although General Hancock was jealous of his wife, he never took umbrage at Captain Scott's admiration and was always pleased to hear him compliment her. As the captain was so frank in his expressions of regard, his very openness disarmed the governor, who never considered him in the light of a rival. As for Dorothy, she would turn off the captain's gallant speeches with a jest and a merry laugh, while she would sometimes add that as a matron of mature years it was unbecoming for her to listen to such flattery. However, she liked Captain Scott, and his visits were equally welcome to her as to her husband, while the perfect trust he inspired in her made Mrs. Hancock confident that his friendship was sincere and true.

Captain Scott's visits were few and far between owing to his frequent sea voyages, and long absence from home.

Captain Scott was very observant and he noticed the general's failing health with deep anxiety, although his immediate family appeared unconscious of the fact, because the change was so gradual, and they were used to his continual ill-health, so they took it as a matter of course. It also pained the captain to notice the pathetic droop of Mrs. Hancock's mouth, and the careworn expression her countenance bore when in repose, although in society she held her own, and was so bright, vivacious, and charming.

Mrs. Hancock had great tact, and the happy faculty of drawing out the best of the people around her which rendered her general favorite. Her sweet disposition endeared her to all who came in contact with her, and Bostonians were proud of "Lady Hancock," as she was commonly called, while her popularity was as great as that of her husband. No one ever heard a murmur of complaint from her when the governor yielded to his frequent fits of ill-temper, reprimanded a domestic, or severely denounced an opponent, and she always attributed such outburst to his ill-health. When his attacks were directed against herself she would parry them with such grace and tact, she succeeded in making the general thoroughly ashamed of himself.

Captain Scott never returned home from one of his long sea voyages without bringing some

handsome gifts for both the general and his wife, such as beautiful sea-shells, which, as one held them to his ear, would reproduce the roar or surge of the wild sea-waves, and he could fancy he saw the restless ocean lashing itself against the shore, the waves receding, only to return with greater force, and beat their troubled bosom against the rocks, leaving a foamy wake in their track. Or again, reproducing the quiet murmur of the waves on a calm, sunlit day, as they lapped gently on the beach, resembling the soft lullaby of a fond mother to her sleeping child, while their crests gleamed with iridescent hues.

"Ah, madam," Captain Scott once said, "you people on land in the midst of your pleasures and gayety may pity a poor sailor, pacing the deck on his lonely watch, but I assure you he enjoys more than you can ever fancy, while during his midnight vigil he seems to be brought into closer communion with his Maker and nature. To pace the quarter deck on a starlit night, with only the man at the wheel on deck, besides himself, while all the rest are wrapped in slumber, and to contemplate the beautiful firmament above him, with the array of stars and planets reminding him of the grandeur of creation, of the countless spheres our Maker is watching over, and the numberless worlds hidden from our sight; to consider that only a frail plank guards him from the dangers of the deep, and from being engulfed in the mysterious depths of the ocean, unexplored by man—all these reflections arouse his

holiest sentiments and cause him to invoke the protection of Providence, whose almighty power he may thoughtlessly overlook on land. All this awakens an awful thought of the immensity of creation, and the littleness of man causing him to realize the magnanimous love of our Heavenly Father, who never deserts mankind in their need, and watches over them on land as well as at sea. Ah, the most hardened sinner must be awakened to a sense of his shortcomings during one of those lonely vigils, with the pure heavens above, and the bottomless deep below."

Dorothy gazed at Captain Scott with amazement, because she had never seen him in such a serious mood before, and this phase of his character was new to her, as she had always considered him a sort of happy-go-lucky fellow, who carelessly went through life without much thought of its responsibilities and duties

"Yes, Mrs. Hancock," he added, "and a sailor has more leisure to think of his friends than they do of him. Sometimes the realization of his loneliness is overwhelming, and he longs for closer ties, for the love of wife and children; to call some good woman his own, and to love and cherish her above all the world."

"Why do you not get married, Captain Scott?" Dorothy inquired. "I am sure you could not have much trouble in finding a wife."

Captain Scott bent a searching gaze on Mrs. Hancock, as though anxious to read her inmost thoughts, and beneath his questioning look she felt the blood mount into her cheeks, her heart

beat faster, and to cover her embarrassment she made some excuse to leave the room.

"Yes," reiterated General Hancock, "why do you not get married, Captain Scott?"

"Because the only woman I ever cared for is beyond my reach," the captain answered with a faint sigh.

"Is it possible! Tell me all about your unhappy love," the general persisted.

"Do not touch on that subject, because it is too painful," Captain Scott replied.

"Oh, I beg your pardon for my thoughtlessness," Hancock added. "But you know I am as fond of you as though you were my own brother, and therefore your happiness is dear to me."

"Indeed I am grateful, dear friend," the captain replied. "And although your position is so much higher than mine, you treat me like an equal."

"Equal? Why, of course you are my equal. What does it matter if I am governor now; so might you be some day if you choose to stand for office," said Hancock. "Since our republican form of government has been established we are all free and equal."

"Well, governor, I have not the ability to stand for office. But I must bid you good-by, for I must go now. Kindly give my regards to your wife, as I shall not see her again before I leave," Captain Scott said.

"Not see her again! You'll surely not go away without saying good-by. My wife would never forgive you."



"Necessity knows no law, governor. I sail to-morrow, and I shall not be able to call on you again," Captain Scott added.

"Wait a moment, and I'll send for Mrs. Hancock," the governor rejoined.

"I appreciate your kindness, but I must go at once. I shall not probably see you again for some time, and I hope that your health may improve, and that on my return I shall find you well and happy." Claspings the governor's hand in both his own, Captain Scott took his leave, while the governor remained in a brown study, as he speculated on the identity of Captain Scott's mysterious lady love. But not for a moment did he surmise that she was his own wife, who was as ignorant of Captain Scott's hopeless love as her husband, although his singular look had caused a strange fluttering of her heart as she recalled it.

On hearing of his abrupt departure, after a momentary feeling of surprise, Dorothy dismissed him from her mind, and engrossed in social and home duties almost forgot him.

Governor Hancock was proud of his wife's beauty and the admiration she excited, but he was often seized with a jealous qualm when he considered how much younger she was than he, and the probability of her marrying again, for she would doubtless survive her invalid husband.

One day, feeling more gloomy and morose than ever he sent for his lawyer, taking advantage of Dorothy's absence, who had gone to pass a few days in Braintree.

So General Hancock drew up his will, dividing his fortune in three equal parts, among his wife, little son, and nephew. In case his son should die, then his fortune was to be divided between Dorothy and his nephew, as the representative of the Hancock name. But if Dorothy should marry, all her fortune would revert to her husband's nephew.

The lawyer gave General Hancock a searching look, which was not lost on him, for he haughtily said:

"I do not intend that any fortune hunter shall squander my wealth, and break my widow's heart. If Mrs. Hancock marries after my death, it will have to be to a man who loves her for herself alone, and not one who only courts her for her money."

"How can you imagine, governor, that Mrs. Hancock could be the prey of a fortune hunter? She has too much good sense for that," the lawyer retorted.

"There is no knowing what may happen. The older a woman grows the sillier she gets, if she has any claims to good looks, and is all the more likely to have her head turned by some adventurer. And I assure you I intend to look out for Mrs. Hancock's interests, even after my death."

"Why dwell on such gloomy thoughts, Governor Hancock? More than likely you will live to a good old age, as well as Mrs. Hancock," the lawyer reassuringly replied.

"Alas, I know I am not long for this world. My infirmities increase day by day, and al-

though only in my fifty-third year I appear as broken down as any old man of seventy. My ill-health has been a great drawback to me in my career. If it had not been for this confounded gout, I might have distinguished myself as much as General Washington, and covered my name with glory."

"You have covered your name with glory anyway, governor," the lawyer replied. "And to posterity it will be handed down as the illustrious patriot John Hancock, the leader of the revolutionary party, the patriot on whose head England fixed a price, the first signer of the Declaration of Independence, the ablest president of the Continental Congress, and the main-spring of the Revolution—the axis around which others revolved."

"Ah!" murmured the governor with gratified vanity. "You know not what you are talking about."

"Indeed I do, sir, and as the ablest mind to draw up the constitution of this state, and as the first Governor of Massachusetts, you stand unparalleled in history," he resumed.

"My dear sir, will you kindly ring the bell to summon Pompey to bring us some wine, for we must drink to the success of our country, which will become the greatest nation on earth, I am quite sure."

In answer to the summons Pompey in livery made his appearance, and at his master's commands, quickly brought in a solid silver salver, with glass decanters of the best Madeira from the governor's well-stocked cellar.

As they were quaffing the wine with its rich, mellow tint, Governor Hancock's physician entered, and gravely shook his head when he saw Hancock indulging in wine.

"Doctor, I hope you will join us," the governor said. "Do not shake your head at me as though I were a naughty boy, for I am sure a glass or two will not hurt me."

"I am sure it will, governor, and I must repeat my prohibition against its use, if you desire to recover your health, for so long as you indulge in drinking wine, you will retard your cure."

"Now, doctor, do not scold, but join us this once in a toast to the United States of America," Hancock rejoined.

"Really, Governor Hancock, you are incorrigible, and I cannot countenance such reckless disregard of your health. Mr. Smith may toast the United States, and I will join him in a glass, while you, sir, must drink cold water, and undergo the tortures of Tantalus while you watch us," the doctor said.

"What a tyrant you are, doctor," Hancock replied. "But I suppose I must submit to your tyrannical sway. John Hancock has at last found his master."

"We drink to the United States as well as to your speedy recovery, governor," said the doctor, lifting the glass to his lips.

"This reminds me of the man who never was a hero to his valet," John Hancock remarked.

The physician was not at all pleased with the inference of his inferiority to the governor, and he was nettled, so he said:

"I do not allow such comparisons, Governor Hancock. To be sure you are Governor of Massachusetts, but as a disciple of Galen and a free and independent citizen of the United States, I consider myself any man's equal."

"Of course you are," Hancock replied with a short laugh, "and as the dispenser of nauseous drugs you stand as high as the Governor of Massachusetts with his obnoxious decrees. Superior rank does not count for much in our republic."

Dr. Jones was not quite sure whether to feel mollified or otherwise by this remark, but with a shrug of his shoulders, he retorted:

"A sick man is not accountable for his vagaries, I presume, so this time I forgive you, governor."

"Vagaries, look here, Dr. Jones, I must call you to account for those words," Hancock exclaimed, greatly excited. "I allow no man alive to cast any aspersion on my character."

"No aspersion was intended, sir. And furthermore vagaries are not traits, but incidental freaks, or moods," Dr. Jones said.

"Look here, sir, this parrying of words is not to my mind, nor do I allow any personal remarks in my hearing, sir. As Governor of Massachusetts I intend to take a firm stand, and exact due respect from the whole world. And if I do sometimes countenance your idle jests, remember, sir, I do not allow you to go beyond certain bounds."

"I warned you not to drink," the doctor said meaningly.

"Do you mean to imply that I am intoxicated?" said the governor, his face turning purple with rage, so much so that the doctor feared he was going to have an attack of apoplexy.

Dr. Jones was alarmed, and curbing his natural vehemence, he said in a conciliatory tone, for he was aware that only a fulsome dose of flattery would now appease the governor.

"Come, governor, do not quarrel with your old friend, and pray forgive a slip of the tongue, for you know that no man living respects you more than I do. No one is prouder of the fact that Massachusetts gave birth to the great man who stands only second to George Washington as the liberator of his country."

The governor's ruffled feathers were smoothed by this remark, and he replied: "Dr. Jones, I forgive you this time, but pray be more careful in future." As he spoke he took a fine cambric handkerchief and wiped the beads of perspiration from his brow, while the flush faded from his cheek, and he turned so ghastly pale, the doctor hastened to administer a restorative, fearing he was going to faint.

After this episode their conversation languished, and Dr. Jones was about to take his leave, when Governor Hancock said:

"Do not go until you sign this document—my last will and testament. Kindly ring for the housekeeper to send after my neighbor, Mr. Johnson, so that he may also affix his signature."

"Your will, governor? Why do you worry

about that when you are likely to outlive us all?" the doctor said with the usual policy of physicians to keep up their patient's hopes and disabuse their minds of any thought of death, even when their dissolution is imminent.

"I know better," Hancock said abruptly. "I feel that my days on earth are numbered. Kindly ring for Mrs. Johnson."

"Why will not her signature suffice?" the lawyer remarked.

"No, sir, I would not insult you by asking you to affix your signature beneath that of a paid dependent," the governor replied. "My neighbor is usually at home at this hour, and will be here within a few moments." Hancock leaned back in his chair, after the housekeeper had done his bidding, while the lawyer rapidly arranged the papers on the table.

Soon after Mr. Johnson came bustling in, and with natural Yankee inquisitiveness, endeavored to sound the governor in regard to the disposition of his property. But Hancock gave him evasive replies, and so he did not dare to cross-question him, for he knew by a peculiar set expression of his lips, that it was not safe to go any further. And most of the governor's friends knew he was as unsafe as a powder mine, which might go off at any moment.

The will was duly drawn up, witnessed, and put away in a safe place. Exhausted by so much excitement Hancock leaned back in his chair saying:

"I do wish Mrs. Hancock were here."

The doctor and the others left the room, after

expressing the wish that the governor's will might grow yellow with age before it were executed. After they had gone, Hancock remained in a brown study, his head sunk on his breast and his eyes gazing into vacancy, while his hands were clasped tight. He was only aroused from his reverie some hours later by feeling a pair of soft hands clasped over his eyes, and a light kiss on his forehead. Seizing his wife's hands, for he knew it was she, he kissed them fondly saying:

"So you have returned earlier than you expected to, Dorothy?"

"Yes, for I am quite like Joan, and could not bear to be separated from my Darby," she said. "But what have they been doing to make you look so despondent, as though you had lost your best friend? Mrs. Johnson told me that your lawyer and Dr. Jones have been here. Did they want anything in particular, dear?"

"Oh, no, I only wanted to transact a little business matter with them," her husband replied with a twinge of remorse, as it occurred to him that perhaps he had not done her justice in the disposition of his property, remembering her devotion to him through his sickness, while she never made any unkind retort to his peevish remarks, but always bore his ill-humor with constant sweetness and mildness. Hancock was not ungenerous, and although his jealousy blinded him, he now thought how selfish it would be for him to throw any obstacle in her way, that might prevent her from seeking hap-



piness after his death in marriage with a more congenial mate. He inwardly resolved to send for his lawyer and add a codicil, making better provisions for Dorothy.

A few days later he carried out this purpose, and after the document was duly signed, he put it in a secret hiding-place, unknown to any one but himself.

Calling his wife one day, he said:

"Dorothy, have you ever heard anything more from Lord Grey or Major Crane, that used to be?"

A slight shadow overspread her face as she answered:

"Yes, Count D'Estaing delivered a small package which he had received from England, addressed to me, and a letter with a black border, announcing Lord Grey's death."

"How long ago was that?" the governor inquired.

"The last time the count was in Boston," Mrs. Hancock replied.

"May I see the letter? There should be no secrets between husband and wife. Why did you not tell me about this before, for it is some time since Count D'Estaing was here?"

"I did not like to annoy you with such matters, and I concluded to burn the letter, dear."

The governor cast a quick, suspicious look at his wife, then shrugging his shoulders, he quietly said:

"May he rest in peace. He was a noble man, Dorothy, and who knows but that he might have made you happier than I have? Poor John Hancock is but a sorry wreck now."

"Do not say so, John," cried his wife impulsively. "You know I care more for you than any one else in the world. I did cherish a girlish fancy for Major Crane at one time, and even now I do not forget him, but you are my better half, and second to no one in my regard."

At these words Hancock's face lighted up, and putting his hand to his heart, he said:

"And you know, dear, you have always reigned supreme in John Hancock's heart. All I care for in this world, are you and our child."

## CHAPTER XX.

## A NAVAL ENCOUNTER.

ENCOUNTERS between English men-of-war and American merchant ships were of frequent occurrence during the revolutionary war, and Congress, as well as private individuals, derived a great part of their revenues from the prizes captured by American privateers.

Captain Scott's vessel was well-manned, as well as well-armed, and like the majority of ships in those days was prepared to give the enemy battle, should he cross his track.

One bright, sunny day the ship was becalmed near the Bahamas, and floated lazily on the Southern sea, which glittered like burnished steel under the rays of the tropical sun, while scarcely a ripple moved its smooth surface, except occasionally when a dolphin of variegated hue appeared above the surface, or a flying fish took a sportive leap.

A shoal of porpoises could be seen at some distance from the vessel, and occasionally they would snort and blow off steam in a languid way, as though even they were affected by the heat.

The sailors executed their usual tasks in a

listless manner, attired in as light a garb as possible, and Captain Scott waved a palm-leaf fan as he sat on a bench, attired in a nankeen suit, and keenly watched the sky.

"If this calm lasts much longer, our voyage will be considerably lengthened," he finally remarked to the first mate. "But I have so much experience in these southern waters, I am sure that the stillness of nature will soon be broken by a storm, for the wind and sea are as capricious as a woman."

The mate looked somewhat puzzled at Captain Scott's words, for his language did not sound as plain and unvarnished as that which sailors usually employ. Captain Scott glanced up, and caught a quizzical expression on the mate's face, and then, as though awakening from a dream, he gathered himself together, hitched up his trousers, and said abruptly: "Do you see yonder cloud, which seems to grow bigger and bigger? That foretends a storm, and it is high time to get ready for it. Call all hands on deck, sir. And do you see that speck on the horizon, far away? I am sure it is a British man-of-war in pursuit of a prize. But we'll turn the tables, and as soon as the wind turns, run out of the course of the storm, and give chase to the Britisher. Let us waste no time, but proceed to business," said the captain.

"Ay, ay, sir," the officer replied, and then called: "All hands on deck."

The quiet scene was quickly transformed as the men hurried around, climbing the rigging like cats, taking in and tightening sails, and

preparing for the tempest, which was coming nearer and nearer.

A faint, cold gust was felt, which rippled the surface of the water, then the heavens became suddenly overcast, a blinding flash of lightning rent the sky, followed by a deafening peal of thunder, the waves raised their angry crests defiantly, and rocked the ship violently to and fro. Another stronger and colder gust of wind was felt, another more vivid flash of lightning burst from the heavens, and the waves rose still higher, as though the ocean were infuriated at being disturbed by the upper elements, and the war between the elements of water and air grew more violent, while the tempest raged. The wind as it whistled through the rigging resembled the hissing of a serpent, or anon the plaint of a lost spirit, or the angry roar of the king of the forest. The ship was beaten about by the waves, and its frail planks creaked as though about to be rent asunder.

Captain Scott had hastily donned a tarpaulin suit, and stood on the quarter-deck issuing his commands in stentorian tones, which were heard above the tumult of the tempest, and the sailors hurried to and fro in obedience to his commands.

Captain Scott was an experienced navigator, and under his directions, the man at the wheel safely steered the ship out of peril, and beyond the reach of the hurricane which soon spent its fury and passed away further south.

Meanwhile another peril faced them, for the British man-of-war had approached within gun-

shot and opened a volley which fortunately did not take effect.

"Ha! the British lion desires to arouse the American eagle, and he will quickly find his match," shouted Captain Scott. Then he ordered his men to respond by a broadside which did great execution, for one of the enemy's masts was broken short off. Evidently surprised by the aggressiveness of the merchant ship the British ship turned and changing its tack hurried off as fast as it could.

But Captain Scott's blood was up, and he was determined to show fight, so he followed in hot pursuit.

As the Britisher fled, it fired another shot, which ricocheted from wave to wave, and fell short of the mark.

The second discharge from the American was even more fatal, and crippled the Britisher which slackened its speed, and appeared about to lay to and show fight, as it was unable to get out of the way. Both ships were out of range of the storm which had abated and passed onward, although the sea had not regained its serenity, and rocked the ship so much it was difficult to take aim at the enemy.

Both sides prepared for the fight, and as they drew closer to each other the American fired another broadside which opened a leak in the Britisher, and soon after the enemy struck his colors in token of surrender.

Captain Scott boarded the ship, although it seemed as though his boat was about to capsize as it was rowed to the other vessel. On reach-

ing the deck, the English officer, second in command, came forward, his arm in a sling. He was a mere lad and quite pale from pain and excitement.

As he delivered his sword he remarked: "If you had not made such deadly havoc in our ranks, killing our commander, three of the officers, and the greater number of men on board, I would have been spared this humiliation, sir."

"War brings us into a sad plight sometimes," Captain Scott retorted, while inwardly, as a Christian man, he felt a twinge of remorse at the loss of life he had caused.

But war knows no alternative, and he proceeded to take possession of the ship, which proved to be a valuable prize. After a brief service, the dead were consigned to the deep, while both English and American sailors were drawn up in line, and reverently listened to the service with bowed heads.

Captain Scott was a kind-hearted man, and his treatment of the young English cub, as he called him in his logbook, was so kind and considerate, he quickly won his regard, and as the young man was well educated and intelligent, he proved to be a pleasant companion on the homeward voyage.

Singular to relate, this young Englishman was Lord Grey's nephew, and he was aware of his uncle's unhappy attachment for the fair Dorothy Quincy, for he had made no secret of his love. In conversation with Captain Scott, Mr. Crane remarked that although he regretted

being taken to Boston as a prisoner of war, he hoped that his desire might be gratified of meeting the beautiful wife of General Hancock, who was so greatly admired. And he concluded by saying:

"She would have better graced our English court as Lady Grey, than to preside over the humble establishment of the Governor of Massachusetts in a republican land. Her grace and beauty are more adapted to England than America."

He added: "My uncle said he never saw a more bewitching beauty."

Captain Scott turned red, and experienced a twinge of retrospective jealousy which he stifled, as he considered that he had never had the slightest claim on Dorothy Quincy, and therefore had no right to feel jealous.

"Yes, your uncle was right," he finally said. "Lady Hancock, as she is commonly called in Boston, is still a most charming woman. The governor is very much attached to her, and I am sure she returns his affection. When we arrive in Boston, I am positive that Mrs. Hancock will use her influence in your behalf to secure your speedy release, in exchange for one of our patriots now imprisoned in New York."

"To tell the truth, Captain Scott, I am in no hurry to reach land. I am very fond of the sea, and if it were not for my love for old England, I think I would like to pass my life on the ocean with you. My last commander was as gruff as a bear, a perfect martinet, and did not believe in wasting time in talk with a mere



youngster like myself. So he kept aloof from me, and preserved a dignified reserve. As the other officers on board were just like the captain, I was thrown on my own resources. I could not stoop to associate with the men, and therefore I assure you I passed many lonely hours. Whereas with you I feel perfectly at home, and I enjoy your company," said Mr. Crane.

"And so do I enjoy yours, my lad," replied Captain Scott, "in spite of the disparity between our years. I often wish I were the father of such a bright, light-hearted, typical English boy as you are. How proud I would be of him."

"So you would rather have an English boy than an American?" said Mr. Crane slyly.

"We are all of the same stock, my lad, and Americans are not rare birds, as you English think, but are of the same 'flesh and blood,'" Captain Scott said.

"Then why do you fight against your brothers?" Mr. Crane retorted. "You are ungrateful to the mother country."

"We'll not discuss politics, my boy, for we shall surely come to grief if we do. England's tyranny was no longer to be borne, and therefore we threw off the yoke," Captain Scott retorted. "But let us change the subject. How did it happen that your parents allowed you to leave home?"

"I wanted to see the world. And although since I left home, my uncle has died, and my father has come into the title, which will eventually descend to me, I did not want to pass my

life in idleness. Besides, it has always been the rule in our family for the eldest son to enter the navy, and serve his king at sea. We have always been faithful adherents to the throne, and I would rather die than be a traitor. There are no traitors in our family, I assure you. No reflection intended," he added quickly, perceiving a shadow on Captain Scott's face. "For Americans, born out of England, are not really English, you know."

"But King George would still claim us as English subjects," Captain Scott rejoined. "And he would trample our rights as free-born Americans under foot. America is a new world and liberty finds its native element there, while despotism and monarchical rule are extraneous growths, which must be lopped off as the dead branch of a tree, which hinders its development." As he spoke, his eyes flashed, and the veins on his neck swelled, while his face became suffused.

Mr. Crane noticed these signs of excitement with uneasiness, and inwardly resolved to avoid all political discussions in future, which threatened to cause a breach between them.

"Captain Scott," he said, to change the subject, "I would like to tell you about some of the traditions of our race, which have served as the favorite theme of some of our English poets."

The flush faded from Captain Scott's face, and he wiped the perspiration from his brow, as he gave a short laugh, and said:

"You are a born diplomat, Grey, and I think

you have mistaken your vocation in not entering the diplomatic service, instead of the navy. How deftly you have muzzled the old sea-dog so that he has not another word to say."

"What do you mean?" said Grey, feigning innocence.

"Oh, you rogue, you know you have taken the wind out of my sail, just as I was about to run foul of the enemy. But never mind, my lad, you are right. And if we are to continue good friends, we would better avoid such ticklish subjects as politics or religion, which no man alive can discuss dispassionately—least of all a blundering sailor. Shake hands, Grey, and then go on with your historical reminiscences, although fact is so incumbered with fiction in all such matters, it is hard to know where to stop for the truth."

Grey laughed, and linking his arm with the captain's, as they paced up and down the deck, he entertained him with the exploits and hairbreadth escapes of his ancestors during the Crusades, in which they had taken an active part. As he went on, he became more and more enthusiastic, and embellished his narrative with such glowing colors, the captain finally said in a dry tone:

"Now, Grey, I am willing to believe all that lies within the boundaries of possibility, but when you begin to spin sailor's yarns, I must beg you to stop for I know the tricks of the trade. I am willing to believe that your ancestors cut down the Saracens by the score—ten or twelve at one stroke, but when you tell me that

one of them entered the sultan's stronghold and bore off his struggling enemy in his arms, making his way through his aghast attendants, I must beg you to remember that although I am only a simple Jack Tar, there is a limit to my credulity. Next thing I know you will be telling me that your ancestor carried off all the inmates of the sultan's household as well as himself."

Grey looked somewhat abashed as he replied: "I assure you I am only telling you what you will find in the chronicles of those times."

"Indeed, and the most of them were invented by idle monks, whose task it was to impose upon the credulity of their readers, and make them believe in all such marvelous tales. Fact and fiction are so closely woven together in the history of the middle ages, it is extremely difficult to arrive at the plain, unvarnished truth," Captain Scott replied.

"Well, you may now tell me of the bold and gallant Captain Smith and the fair Pocahontas, which also reads like a romance of history," said Grey.

The bond of sympathy between the captain and Grey grew stronger, and they became very confidential as they paced the deck during the night watches, and would recall the memory of their home and friends. At such moments Grey would long for a sight of old England, and regret his absence from home with deep poignancy, as he recalled the dear faces of his parents, and his sisters while another face, fairer than theirs, would seem to stand out be-

fore him, recalling him to England with her sweet lips.

"Have you ever been in love, captain?" Grey inquired one evening. "Because if you have, you will realize how I long to see my Madge once more."

"Ha! ha! my boy, so you have a sweetheart in spite of your tender years?" said Captain Scott.

"Yes, indeed, and I wear her miniature on my breast, like a talisman. I'll show it to you. She is the sweetest girl in England, and when I attain my majority we shall get married," Grey added.

"I am glad to hear it, Grey, for I approve of early marriages, and the love of some pure, good woman, serves to keep many a young man from ruin, and serves as a beacon to lead him higher and higher."

"How romantic you are, captain. But have you nothing to say about your own love affairs? I believe you must have some, as every sailor has a sweetheart, if not in every port, at least in some part of the world," Grey said.

"That is a sore subject, Grey, and I cannot disclose my heart's secret, not even to you, for it is too sacred a subject to touch upon. Suffice it to say that the one I love is as far above me and beyond my reach as yonder star gleaming in the heavens," replied Captain Scott.

"Surely no woman could ever refuse you, captain," Grey added.

"No woman has ever had the chance," the captain retorted. "But the woman I love is

beyond my reach. Let us change the subject," he added.

Captain Scott's usually merry voice assumed a sad tone, and Grey hastened to change the subject with a merry jest, which elicited a hearty laugh from his friend.

## CHAPTER XXI.

## DOROTHY AND GREY.

As Captain Scott had predicted, when Dorothy learned that the nephew of Lord Grey had been taken prisoner, she speedily procured his release.

Grey spent some time in Boston and was presented to Mrs. Hancock, and his admiration for her increased more and more, and he soon became very well acquainted with the governor's wife, who was always charming and attractive.

Grey was pleasantly surprised with the culture and good breeding of the Bostonians and at Governor Hancock's house he had an opportunity of meeting the best society. Like the majority of Englishmen he fancied that Americans, or Colonists, as the English people still called them, were rude, unmannerly, coarse and ignorant. And furthermore, he fancied that they were all copper-colored, swarthy and dark as Indians, for although he knew better, still his imagination led him astray. In fact, he had not given America and Americans much study anyway, and he simply thought of the country as a vast wilderness, overrun by

savages, with a sprinkling of Colonists, illiterate and rude, who had made their homes in a new country. Therefore it was quite a revelation when he arrived in Boston and saw the handsome residences, handsomely and luxuriously furnished; beautiful equipages and horses, retinues of servants, and to the outward view not betraying any of the outward direful results of the war, although in some parts of the town the distressing signs of the British occupation and the siege were still visible.

Grey was loud in Captain Scott's praises, but after the first official call, he could not persuade the captain to go there again.

"I wonder why Captain Scott no longer comes here?" Dorothy remarked to the governor one day. "Since his return he has only been here once. Have you offended him in any way, Governor Hancock?"

"Offended him, no, indeed, I assure you, Mrs. Hancock. And I was just about to remark how seldom he comes here now. I assure you I miss his visits, and his merry laugh and pleasant conversation, as much as you do," said Governor Hancock.

"Oh, as for that, you know he only comes here to see you, and I never see as much of him as you do, but I do miss him and we ought to invite him to dinner," Mrs. Hancock replied.

"Very well, invite him and Mr. Crane to come to-morrow," said the governor. "The French officers will be here then."

"No, for he will not come then. You know Captain Scott is not a society man, and al-



though he can hold his own in general society, it is an effort for him to do so. And he prefers a quiet hour with his friends than to meet them in a large assembly," his wife replied.

"Perhaps you are right. I do wish he would resume his visits on the same footing as formerly," Governor Hancock said.

The truth was Captain Scott feared to trust himself in Mrs. Hancock's presence for fear he might betray his feelings, so he avoided her, and with the pretext of urgent business he kept aloof from the house, much to the governor's regret.

Soon after Captain Scott left for another long voyage, and he took his leave of the governor, choosing a time when he knew that Mrs. Hancock was out.

Grey continued to call on Mrs. Hancock very often. "Some of the New England customs appear so singular to me," he remarked one day to Mrs. Hancock. "There is that jolly old tithing man, who enforces order and discipline on Sundays. I hear that he will not allow young people to take a stroll on Saturday night, and he keeps a watchful eye on all people, and finds out why they do not attend meeting if they stay at home on Sunday, or why they linger out of doors on that day when all good people ought to be in church. And no country bumpkin is allowed to sit on the fence either."

"Yes, I presume some of these puritanical customs do appear strange, although I am so accustomed to them, I never notice them. Our tithing man is a useful individual, however,

for he is not only constable, selectman, teacher, tax-collector, inspector, sexton, but also serves as a general law-enforcer in villages where he discharges all the above duties," Mrs. Hancock said.

"It excites my risibility to see him thumping the boys on the head whenever they are noisy, or inattentive, and awakening the sleeping elders with a sharp rap on their bald pates. And the deacon watches to see that none but an accepted communicant shall partake of the holy communion," said Grey.

"So it is," Mrs. Hancock replied. "There was one stern, stubborn old Puritan who was expelled from\* church membership for some trivial offense, and he refused to recognize the justice of such an act, while he doggedly persisted in attending the communion service, bearing his own cup, wine and bread, and partaking of the communion in his pew all by himself. For twenty years he never omitted this solitary function; until finally touched by his perseverance, they readmitted him to the church."

"No wonder Cromwell's followers' were called Roundheads, and I think their descendants in the New World should be called Hardheads," Grey remarked.

Dorothy laughed and said:

"Another queer custom observed in a little town of Massachusetts during the latter part of the seventeenth century, was giving a metal check to each parishioner who was considered

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\* See "New England Sunday"—by Alice Morse Earle.

worthy of partaking of communion," Mrs. Hancock observed. "And the deacon would walk up and down and distribute these checks during the services. My cousin, Abby Smith, daughter of Parson Smith, married John Adams, Esquire whom her father disapproved of; for several years ago, ministers held a higher station socially than lawyers, and in colonial days many old-fashioned people thought that law was in a measure allied to the black art. It was the custom for the bride to choose the text for the wedding sermon, and as Abby's father would not invite the bridegroom home to dinner, the bride chose as the text the following: 'John came neither eating bread nor drinking wine, and ye say he hath a devil.' "

"Ha, ha, that was good, and she got the better of her father," Grey said.

"A few years ago," Mrs. Hancock resumed, "pastors were very free with their congregation, and treated them as though they were members of their own household, and they would impart to them publicly all domestic events, such as sickness, births, etc."

"Yes, and I have heard that the bachelors of colonial days were ungallant and destroyed the pew some young women had taken possession of in the gallery, as they considered they had no right to enjoy a pew to themselves. The town authorities sentenced them, but they escaped punishment owing to their contrition and because they had served during the war," Grey remarked.

"Yes," Dorothy replied, "and bachelors had

a hard time in those days and their liberties were restricted. In order to encourage them to marry, no bachelor was allowed to live alone, but was obliged to reside with some family. And in order to obtain his freedom a man had to marry."

"That was queer, but I should not think men required such laws to induce them to assume family ties," Grey said. "But what is most remarkable in this war against the Mother Country Mrs. Hancock, is the active part the women take. While I was in Charlestown, after it was captured by General Clinton, the ladies of that town would have nothing to do with us fellows. They would not attend any of the balls we gave, or any of our festivities, so we were constrained to do without the enlivening presence of the fair sex. And to bid defiance to the British, the Charlestown maidens will not wear gowns of English manufacture, but attire themselves in homespun. And they carry their audacity so far, they wear red and blue knots of ribbon on their breasts, or on their shoes. One of our officers remarked to Lord Cornwallis: 'If we dislodge all the men in America, we shall still have our hands full to conquer the women.'"

"Yes," Mrs. Hancock added. "And the young ladies in Amelia County, Virginia, have drawn up a resolution not to permit the addresses of any person, no matter what his circumstances may be, unless he has served in the American army long enough to prove his valor and patriotism, which renders him worthy of

love. And the following anecdote will prove to you, Mr. Crane, the independent spirit which animates the breast of every American, even the younger generation. During the expedition to Rhode Island a little fifer from Connecticut was captured by the British, as well as his colonel. When the colonel was taken before the British general, the little fifer, who was greatly attached to him, followed close at his heels, anxious to know the fate in reserve for his commander. 'Who are you?' the English general inquired, struck by his manly independent bearing, which was remarkable in such a small specimen of humanity. 'I am one of King Hancock's men,' the little fellow proudly said. 'Can you fight?' asked the general. 'Yes, sirree,' replied the boy. The British general then summoned one of his fifers and bade him strip, and give the fledgling battle. But forsooth, the boy stripped so fast, and fell with such fury on the British fifer, who was a big man, that they thought the little hero would have finished him, had he not been rescued by his companions. The British general, admiring his pluck, set him at liberty, saying to the colonel: 'If all your striplings are as plucky as this little creature, England cannot be surprised at the fighting proclivities of the rebels.'

'I admire his pluck, even if he were an enemy to old England,' Grey remarked.

"Speaking of the young ladies in Charlestown," Mrs. Hancock added, "I have heard that they were obliged to sell their silver buckles for they are so poor, and they wore black and

white rosettes on their shoes in lieu of buckles, and also in honor of the French alliance."

Grey turned red and bit his lip, for the French alliance was a sore subject with him.

"Those wretched Jean Crapeaus are to blame for the trouble we are now having to subdue America," he muttered.

"A task which you will never accomplish, Mr. Crane. And King George might as well learn at first as last, that British rule is at an end forever in America. We are now free, and shall ever maintain our freedom as our birth-right, and a most sacred heritage," Mrs. Hancock said with great decision.

Grey turned scarlet, and checked an angry retort, but finally said with a forced laugh: "Politics is a ticklish subject, Mrs. Hancock, and we would better avoid it if we are to remain friends. I cannot find words to defend my cause with one of the fairest of her sex, therefore let us change the subject."

"Really, Mr. Crane," Dorothy said laughingly, "you display remarkable discretion for a man of your years, and I think you have made a mistake in your vocation, for you should have been a diplomat."

"That is what Captain Scott always told me," Grey replied. "And by the way, what a splendid man he is, Mrs. Hancock. He is just like an Englishman."

"Tut, tut," Dorothy said, shaking her finger playfully. "By that remark you show plainly your British spirit, which only admires its own."

"Pardon me, Mrs. Hancock," Grey gallantly said; "I admire the fair daughters of America greatly, and I consider their beauty and charms even superior to the beauties of England—with one exception," he added, "for my Madge is the sweetest girl alive."

"Oh, tell me about your sweetheart," Mrs. Hancock exclaimed, with true womanly interest in any love affair. "And we will taboo politics hereafter as I would rather have you for a friend than a foe. Besides, it is more interesting to talk about the fair English maiden you are to wed."

## CHAPTER XXII.

## DARK DAY IN BOSTON.

MAY 19, 1780, was memorable in the annals of Boston on account of the singular aspect of nature on the so-called Dark Day, while the startled inhabitants were greatly alarmed, until later the cause of this phenomenon was satisfactorily explained by natural laws.

On Friday morning the sky appeared as usual, and the wind was southwest. A light breeze was perceptible about 9 o'clock A.M., bringing several clouds with it, proceeding from the southwest. The sun was obscured by the clouds, and a light rain fell, while the darkness kept on increasing, until finally at 11 A.M. it was so dark as to require artificial light in the houses, and at 1 o'clock, with all the windows open, it was so dark that people could scarcely see. The barnyard denizens betook themselves to their perches, thinking it was time to roost; the birds flew around, twittering and calling their mates, evidently considering it was their bedtime also; and the frogs in the adjacent ponds set up a hoarse croaking, their usual evening concert.

Many of the good townfolks thought that the Day of Judgment had arrived, and that the



Revolutionary War was going to end in a general cataclysm of nature.

At 3 o'clock the clouds increased, and the sky assumed a copper-colored hue, while a strong odor of soot was perceptible. Finally on examining the water a slight scum was found on the surface, and the people came to the conclusion that this awful, unnatural darkness was due to natural causes, and that the vast body of smoke from the woods, which had been on fire for many days, mingling with the exhalations from the earth and water, and condensed by the action of winds from different quarters was what had produced this phenomenon. After several hours of intense darkness had reigned, much to the alarm of the pious townfolks, who repaired to their closets to pray, or to the superstitious who feared that their last hour had come, the clouds dispersed as well as the smoke, swept away by a fresh, northeast wind; the sun reappeared and nature resumed her usual aspect. The barnyard poultry which had tucked their heads under their wings, now awoke, removing their heads from their downy pillow, and flew down from their perches, fluttering their wings, and congregating in the yard to cackle and crow, as though discussing the events of the day. The frogs ceased their hoarse croaking and went into retirement, while with the exception of a slight haziness in the atmosphere Nature resumed her usual aspect. The good folks hurried from door to door to talk over the singular occurrence with their neighbors, and the town was in a flutter of ex-

citement, which only subsided at the hour of the evening lecture, when the churches were filled to hear what their worthy pastors would say in regard to the Dark Day.

Governor Hancock's Pompey was one of the most distressed during that awful day, and the governor found him on his knees, with uplifted hands and eyes, showing the whites in one of the rooms, praying in a loud voice to God to forgive him his sins, and contritely vowing to amend his evil ways; never to help himself to his master's pocket handkerchiefs, nor to tell him fibs, when caught in any mischief; nor to drink any of his best Madeira again.

"Ah, Pompey, so you have at last repented of your sins," the governor said.

Pompey jumped up, and in a trembling tone, said: "Oh, Master Hancock, do ye think the last day has come? Indeed, sah, I'se sorry for all the bad things I ever did. And my spiritual *revisor* told me I ought to do better. Ah, sah, I fear it is too late now;" he added, bursting into tears.

"Cheer up, Pompey, your last hour has not come yet," the governor reassuringly said. "But you must bear in mind that this dark day has been sent as a warning, as a lesson to remind all wicked sinners of the wrath to come."

"Yes, sah," said Pompey, gulping down his sobs, scarcely understanding the meaning of his master's words. Then he shrewdly added, as the shadows began to disperse, and nature assumed its usual aspect, for Pompey's spirits revived with the reappearance of daylight:

"Did you notice what I was saying, sah? Don't pay no attention to a nigger's foolishness, for I was beside myself."

"What were you saying, Pompey?" the governor inquired, regretting not having paid more attention to the darky's confession, as he saw that that might have led to the discovery of some of the inner workings of his domestic establishment. But he shrugged his shoulders as he reflected that it was no use to worry over such trifles, while his mind was preoccupied with more weighty matters. Pompey was quite faithful in the discharge of his duties, so he thought he might as well overlook his little peculiarities or peccadillos.

Negroes were plentiful in colonial days in Massachusetts, and many were held in bondage, until finally slavery was abolished in 1780 ~~under~~ the new constitution, which Governor Hancock had helped to draw up, and which was adopted at the time of his inauguration as governor of that State.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

## THE QUINCYS.

ONE of Mrs. Hancock's relatives, Parson Quincy, had seven daughters, six of them grown to womanhood in the year 1780, while the youngest was an infant. Four girls were engaged, which gave rise to numerous complications in their domestic arrangements. Mehitable, the eldest, had the privilege of receiving the young man she was engaged to in the parlor, as she was the oldest daughter. Martha, who came next, had the second best choice of the sitting room, to entertain hers, while the other two girls either had to go to the dining room or music room, or if those apartments were already occupied share in common the library, which was the favorite resort of the old folks.

Mehitable was a tall, stately brunette, with a queenly carriage, and great dignity of manner, although very gracious when she felt in the mood to unbend. She was highly cultured and possessed a certain fascination in spite of her lofty air, which rendered her very attractive.

The young man Mehitable was engaged to was tall, handsome and fair. He came of good Puritan stock as he was a lineal descendant in

the maternal line of John Alden of Plymouth Rock fame. He never forgot that fact, and he was proud of his father's services in the revolution, who had enlisted as a private at the battle of Lexington, and rapidly been promoted to lieutenant in Knox's Artillery. At the time of his son's engagement, he was still in the campaign. Alden was but fifteen years old when the war broke out, and he would have enlisted if his father had not begged him to remain at home, and look out for the estate, his mother, and the children. Alden Jackson was a high spirited and noble-hearted man, and Mehitable, as well as his mother, fairly idolized him.

Martha Quincy, the second daughter, was of medium height, with auburn hair, a dazzling white skin, which usually accompanies such colored hair, bright red cheeks, as firm as an apple and brown eyes of that peculiar warm, reddish-brown tint, with a soft tender expression, and full, pouting kissable lips, while her form was rounded and shapely, and her hands and feet were small and delicate.

Martha was very vivacious, and fond of having a good time, and she often shocked her parents by her irrepressible high spirits, who had an old-fashioned idea that girls should be prim and precise.

Martha's lover was a sea captain, and was very handsome, and gallant. He was exceedingly fond of dress, and took Governor Hancock as his model, for he considered him a beau ideal of elegance. When he was on land he delighted in donning the latest styles. His

father was one of the merchant princes of those days, and he sent his son to sea, putting him in command of one of his largest ships, more that he might see the world than as a serious occupation. Captain Gorham, like all seafaring men, was fond of the girls, and often gave Martha cause for jealousy, although he was very fond of her and was faithful.

As for Mary, the third daughter, she was the "ugly duckling," for she was very plain. But she was very cultured, and had a sweet disposition which endeared her to all.

And her mother often consoled her by saying: "Handsome is as handsome does, Mary."

Mary had a beautiful figure, however, and a dignified carriage, a peculiarity of her family, while in every motion she revealed good blood and well-bred ease.

Mary was engaged to her cousin, a proud, high-spirited patriot, who, although he did not bear arms during the revolutionary war, lent great aid to the cause by his brilliant speeches in the State assembly, and by generous contributions to the army.

The British styled him a firebrand, and said he did more to stir up rebellion and strife against England, and did more harm than if he had shouldered a musket. It was a sore point with him that he could not enter the army, but the recruiting officer had refused his services, as Henry Quincy had a constitutional weakness of the lungs.

The fourth daughter, Abigail, was entirely different from her sisters. She was very affec-

tionate, timid and shrinking, so much so that her father called her his modest violet. She was completely ruled by her emotions, and very easily influenced by those around her. She possessed none of the high-spirited traits common to the other members of her family.

Abigail was engaged also, and her *fiancé* was her opposite in every way. He was tall, handsome, high-spirited and haughty. And his firm, determined will often degenerated into obstinacy, for he would have his own way whether it were right or wrong. Frank Aldrich was a Southerner, and had come to Boston on business. He fell in love with Abigail at first sight, and as his family was good, and he bore a good reputation, her parents made no objections to their engagement. But her father felt loath to part with his "sweet violet;" although he was willing to sacrifice his own feelings for her happiness.

Next to Abigail, came Hannah and Elizabeth, the twins, and Frances was the youngest, the baby. Hannah and Elizabeth were pretty, sprightly girls, full of fun and as mischievous as kittens. Each had her admirers, although not formally engaged. They all lived in a large, comfortable double house.

Parson Quincy was very fond of his children, but he believed in enforcing strict discipline, even after they had grown to womanhood. He would never humor their feminine whims, not even those of Mehitable, who was the apple of his eye.

One day the family was gathered in the sit-

ting room. Mrs. Quincy went to the closet and took out a bottle of syrup, and poured some into a glass of water. As she had no spoon, she said to Martha: "My daughter, bring me a spoon from the dining room." Martha did not stir, for she was engrossed in her book, so she said to her sister, without turning her head:

"You go, Mary."

"I do not want to. Besides mother told you to," Mary retorted.

The old gentleman was in the room, and looking up over his spectacles, he sternly said:

"Martha and Mary, go and bring your mother a spoon."

"It is not necessary for us both to go," Martha said expostulatingly.

"Do as I tell you," the old gentleman added in a tone which they dared not disobey. "Martha, you take hold of the handle, and Mary, you take hold of the bowl, and bring the spoon to your mother immediately."

Quite crestfallen, and with flushed cheeks, the two girls got up and left the room, while the twins set up a giggle as they saw them reappear with the spoon.

"Silence," Parson Quincy said, effectually stopping their mirth. Then he added to his other daughters: "Let this serve you as a lesson never to disobey your parents."

Martha and Mary, looking very shamefaced, resumed their seats after receiving this parental rebuke.

In those days strict discipline was maintained in most families which those of a later date might copy to advantage.



We have already said that *Mehitable* as the eldest daughter usually entertained her company in the parlor but the other sisters would scheme to get possession of it first, as it was an unwritten rule that the first caller should be ushered into that room.

Therefore, if Alden got there late, he was relegated to some other apartment, which was highly displeasing to Miss *Mehitable*, who was very high-spirited and proud, while she firmly believed in primogeniture.

One evening Mary was expecting Henry, and she accordingly ordered a bright fire to be lighted in the parlor, as it was a bitter cold night. Henry had begged her to grant him an interview as he had something particular to say to her, and although there was a tacit understanding between them, Henry had not yet proposed, and the meaning look he gave Mary, set her heart in a flutter.

Mary told the maid whose duty it was to attend to the door to usher Mr. Quincy into the parlor when he came, and she went upstairs to add a few finishing touches to her toilet.

A loud rap with the brass knocker on the door was heard, and Elizabeth, who was peeping over the banister, came rushing back to say: "Oh, Mary, *Mehitable* has got ahead of you, and she and Alden have just marched into the parlor."

"How mean!" Hannah exclaimed. "She might have known Mary wanted the parlor to-night. Besides it is not Alden's turn, for he only comes every other night. Why don't you

tell Mehitable to take him into the sitting room Mary?"

Mary's cheeks flushed, and she bit her lip, but repressed the disappointment she felt, as she wiped away a tear.

"Why does not Henry make his appearance? What a laggard he is!" Elizabeth exclaimed. "Ah, there goes the knocker again. This time it is surely he," she added. "You had better run and secure the music room, Mary, or that will be snapped up by Martha. Mother and father are entertaining Deacon Smith in the sitting room, and there's no knowing when he will leave."

"Oh, Mary," she cried, coming back a few moments later and bursting out laughing, she threw herself on the bed to give vent to her mirth, while she said, her voice broken with laughter: "Martha has taken Captain Gorham into the music room, and Abbie is in the dining room with her beau. So you know you cannot go into the library, for it is all torn up as they have been painting it. So all that is left to you is the kitchen, unless you want to invade the parlor, and I would not advise you to do that, for Mehitable would transfix you with one of her stony stares."

"What will you do?" the more sympathetic Hannah said. "I'll go and ask the servants to vacate the kitchen, so that you may take Henry there."

"No indeed, I shall not allow you to," Mary exclaimed, the tears starting to her eyes. "Henry would be highly offended, for he is

very fastidious, and he would consider it an insult if I were to receive him in the kitchen with all the pots and kettles. I do not know what I shall do. Besides, Henry said he wanted to see me—particularly this evening.”

“Perhaps he is going to propose, and ask you to name the day, ha, ha, ha, what a fizzle!” Elizabeth exclaimed.

“Elizabeth,” Mary said severely, “I shall not allow you to jest at my expense. Henry is a perfect gentleman and he has already intimated his sentiments to father although not a word of love has crossed his lips to me. Besides, such speculations are very unladylike, and I shall not allow you to laugh at him.”

“It is too bad,” Hannah said, wishing to conciliate her irate sister. “And if you will wait a moment I’ll run and ask Abbie to vacate the apartment she is in, for she is always obliging. And she can take Mr. Aldrich into the kitchen.”

“Take Mr. Aldrich into the kitchen!” Elizabeth cried. “Mr. Aldrich who is the quintessence of refinement? No, that will never do. And Henry will have to lower his dignity and sit among the pots and kettles or else take you to walk. But as the wind is howling, and the snow is falling fast, I think instead of thawing him out, that would surely freeze him into silence. Poor Mary, the lovesick maid, and her lovesick swain—what will they do?” added Elizabeth, laughing loudly.

Mary turned very red, and her eyes flashed. She was about to utter a stinging retort, but she checked herself, swallowed her wrath, and said coolly:

"You will kindly leave the room, Elizabeth, and stay away until you can behave better, for your conduct is extremely unladylike and unbecoming."

"So you turn me out of your room? Very well, Miss Mary, quite contrary, but you'll have to suffer for it in the end, for ill-treating your poor little sister. You mean thing, you," she cried, bursting into tears.

"Come, Elizabeth, do not tease Mary any more," said Hannah the peacemaker.

"She is the one who is teasing me," Elizabeth retorted. "And she has no right to turn me out of the room. And I shall tell mother how hateful she is."

"Hush, Elizabeth, do be quiet, there goes the knocker again. And I should not wonder if that is Henry. What will you do, Mary?" asked Hannah.

"I shall send him word that I cannot see him," Mary retorted. "Tell Mr. Quincy that I cannot see him," she added to the maid who just then appeared at the door.

"Oh, do not send such a message, for he will get angry," Hannah exclaimed.

"Yes, it would be a pity if Miss Mary's beau should go off in a dudgeon," Elizabeth said; "and she is left an old maid," she muttered amid her sobs.

"Are you not ashamed of yourself, Elizabeth?" Hannah exclaimed.

The maid stood twirling her apron strings, not knowing what to do. But Mary sharply repeated her instructions.

"Shall I say that you are indisposed, miss?" inquired the maid, with a woman's natural interest in a love affair, and desiring to shield her mistress.

"No, simply say that I cannot see him," Mary curtly replied.

"Say she has a fit of the sulks," Elizabeth maliciously added.

Mr. Quincy had been ushered into a little anteroom off the hall, and was waiting eagerly to see Mary, as he had fully made up his mind to propose. And he was so sure of being accepted that he had brought a handsome engagement ring. He was highly incensed at this curt dismissal, and took his leave, vowing to himself never to see her again.

Mary removed her finery, and after an emphatic command to her sisters to leave her alone, she closed the door on them. And as soon as she was alone she gave vent to a passionate fit of weeping.

After awhile she dried her tears and taking out her Bible, sought consolation in its pages for her trials. As she read the comforting gospels her drooping spirits revived, and she determined to write a note to Henry, explaining the cause of her refusal to see him. But finally she concluded she could explain it all more satisfactorily when she saw him again. "How silly it will sound to write that I could only receive him in the kitchen as the parlor and sittin' groom were taken up by other visitors. I can imagine how the mere mention of a kitchen would offend his fastidious taste. I

think I shall wait until I see him, and then I can pass it off better."

But Henry's feelings were too deeply wounded at Mary's refusal to see him after he had particularly made an appointment for that very evening, and had given her to understand that he had something very important to say to her. He waited the next day, expecting to receive a letter explaining her capricious conduct, but as none came he was highly incensed, and determined to keep away from her entirely. Mary expected to hear from him from day to day, but Henry studiously avoided her, nor did he attend any of the social gatherings where they usually met. Poor Mary was too proud to show her disappointment, and she parried Elizabeth's thoughtless jests at Henry's desertion, as well as Hannah's sympathizing expressions of regret at the misunderstanding which had arisen between them.

Mehitable was engrossed in the preparations for her wedding, so she scarcely noticed Mary's dejection. Mrs. Quincy once inquired what had become of Henry, but just then some question was asked about the preparations for Mehitable's wedding, and Mrs. Quincy left the room, not even waiting to hear Mary's reply, nor did she again allude to that subject for she had her hands full to look after so many daughters, and her numerous household duties, as well as to attend to the numerous demands upon her time as the minister's wife. She was at the head of several charitable associations, entertained the sewing circle once a week, and often found the

day quite too short for all the multitudinous duties she had to attend to.

Hannah was the only one who noticed Mary's fading color, and her continual depression, but after several futile attempts to gain her confidence, she wisely determined not to allude to the subject again, as she saw that it was painful to Mary.

One evening, a short time afterward, Alden came quite late, when the house was full of company, and therefore the only available place to receive him was the kitchen, as the maids had retired. This room was immaculately clean, and large as well as comfortable, and for once Mehitable condescended to occupy it, as she wished to say something very particular to Alden. It was a bitter cold night, and they sat by the open fireplace, roasting chestnuts, and alternately gazing at each other and the cheerful flame, while Alden, growing sentimental, began to talk of the future as his fancy pictured it in the ruddy firelight. He held Mehitable's hand, and while gazing at each other, they completely forgot about the fire, which had almost gone out.

Mehitable shivered, and exclaimed:

"What shall we do? The fire is nearly out, and we have no more wood. The maid forgot to bring in any, and there is not a log or stick left."

"Where shall I go to get some?" Alden inquired.

"Oh, there is plenty of wood in the barn, but it is so cold you'll freeze on the way. And be-

sides the hired man has carried off the lantern and you might hurt yourself stumbling around in the dark," Mehitable replied.

"Never mind, I'll try it," Alden resolutely said.

"No, wait a moment," said Mehitable. "I'll tell you what I'll do; we'll burn up father's little rocking chair. It is a shabby old thing anyhow, and I do not think mother will object to having it out of the way. But you must not let father know anything about it, because he is very fond of that little old chair."

They soon broke up the chair, and the pieces were blazing on the hearth, adding to the cheerfulness of the room.

But they were not allowed to enjoy it very long, for just then a loud thumping with a cane was heard overhead from Parson Quincy's room, at which Mehitable started and turned red, as she glanced at Alden.

At first he did not notice the noise, as he was so absorbed in telling her of his plans for the future, but as the thumping grew louder and louder and a significant cough was heard, Alden started, glanced at the clock, and exclaimed:

"Bless my soul, it is 10 o'clock already, and I fear we are disturbing your father, who sleeps in the room above. I must go now, for I have already stayed too late. Good-by, Mehitable. I'll see you to-morrow or day after."

"Very well, Alden, I'll be at the evening lecture to-morrow, and meet you there. Good-night."

After putting on his snowshoes and overcoat



Alden wound a voluminous woolen muffler around his neck, and covering his ears with his fur cap, he opened the door, letting in a cold, chilly blast.

"Ugh," he said, shivering, and closing the door. "Please step to one side, Mehitable, or you'll catch your death of cold. Good-night, dear."

"Good-night, Alden," she replied, throwing a shawl around her shoulders, and locking the door after him, as she heard his retreating footsteps dying away in the distance. Covering up the embers she lighted a candle, extinguished the lamp, and yawning, went upstairs to bed. As she passed by her parents' room she stopped to listen, but the old folks were now sound asleep. And her conscience smote her for having burned up the parson's rocking chair; so much so it kept her awake nearly all night, and sleep did not close her weary eyelids, until the first faint streak of dawn appeared. In consequence she overslept herself, and was late to breakfast, much to her father's displeasure, who liked to gather the whole family at morning prayer, before sitting down to that meal.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

## HANCOCK'S FOREBODINGS.

GOVERNOR HANCOCK's infirmities increased, and his mind was harassed by the unhappy condition of his country in 1780, for affairs appeared very unpromising at that time, and in 1781, when General Washington experienced great difficulty in quelling his troops, who mutinied demanding their pay, Hancock gave liberal donations to relieve the distress of the army, and did everything in his power to aid the cause. His estate had suffered severely, but he was able to recuperate from his losses to some extent by the prizes captured by his vessels.

And indeed the naval service of the United States was most efficient during the war, and a large supply of ammunition, arms and military stores were thus obtained, which added greatly to their revenues.

Governor Hancock missed Captain Scott greatly after his departure, and often recalled him to Dorothy's mind, saying there was nobody whose company he enjoyed more, as Captain Scott was so genial and bright.

It was a source of unhappiness to General Hancock, as well as to his wife, that they had

lost their little Lydia, and that their little son was so sickly, for they feared to lose him too. The governor was pessimistic and his ill-health rendered him all the more so. Mr. Hancock's wife had given birth to a beautiful boy, and he was named for Governor Hancock, who became greatly attached to the child as well as Dorothy.

"How happy I would be," Hancock remarked one day to his wife, "if Heaven had blessed us with two or three bright, handsome lads like John's. However, I suppose it is all for the best, and we must not murmur against the inscrutable designs of Providence. To be sure I have had many burdens to bear, many trials to encounter during my life, but our Creator fits the back to the burden, and has sent me some compensation by giving me your sweet self to cheer me on my dreary pilgrimage, and our little boy. If I had not had you by me to sweeten the bitter draught of disappointment I would have succumbed long ago to trouble and disease. But I often think how hard your lot has been, tied to an invalid husband, much older than yourself, and obliged to forego many of the pleasures of youth on his account. How different it might have been had you married your English admirer, Lord Grey. You might have graced the English court."

"How can you say so, John," Dorothy replied. "You know you are the only man I ever cared for in the fullest sense of the word; the only one I would ever marry, and when I pronounced the solemn vow which made us one it was for better or for worse, until death doth

part us. Of course it grieves me to see you suffer, and I would gladly share your pain, or suffer instead if it were possible. But your infirmities draw me closer to you. And our little son is a sure bond to keep us together. We love him dearly, and you often regret we have not any other child but him. However, if we were blessed with several little ones instead of one alone, I could not pay you such devoted attention as I do now. Do not worry, John. I remember what dear Mrs. Burr once said: 'Never cross a bridge until you come to it.' Come, my Darby, cheer up for your Joan's sake, and do not waste the time in idle repinings."

"You are right, Dorothy, as you always are, and I cannot afford to indulge in gloomy forebodings. Ring for Pompey to order the carriage, and we'll drive out into the country, and dispell all sad and gloomy thoughts, for there is no better comforter than nature," General Hancock replied.

"Yes, nobody can feel sad under God's sunshine, John. We will take little John with us, and it will divert you to hear his childish prattle, for he begins to talk quite well," Dorothy replied.

"Bring his nurse too, so we can drop them on the way if Johnnie gets too talkative," said the governor.

## CHAPTER XXV.

## WASHINGTON.

NUMBERLESS lives of Washington have been published, and as years roll on the admiration and veneration this great man inspires increases more and more, while he stands alone and unrivaled in the affections of his countrymen as the Father of his Country, and the Liberator of America—both North and South as well as Central America, because his example led eventually to the proclamation of freedom throughout Central and South America, for he was held up as a model for Bolivar and other patriots to imitate.

By his unswerving purpose, and firm determination to overcome the numberless obstacles in his way, to put aside all personal feelings, Washington maintained a dignified stand against the unjust rebukes of Congress, which expected miracles at his hands, thinking that with a half-starved, half-clad, unshod army, whose footprints left bloody tracks on the snow, the commander-in-chief could defeat the brilliant disciplined English hosts at a day's notice. Too obtuse to comprehend Washington's genius, his far-sighted wisdom in the strategic movements he executed, because he did not

risk all at one venture, which would have entailed immediate ruin and defeat of their cause; many blamed Washington for his slowness, and the duration of the war. Nevertheless some great minds were able to fathom his greatness, and Frederick the Great was amazed at the evidence of his genius.

The King of Prussia sent his portrait to General Washington in 1780, with the following inscription: "From the oldest general in Europe, to the greatest general on earth."

One of the generals of this great king, on seeing the inscription, was sore at what he considered his majesty's partiality and he said reproachfully: "Why should Washington stand higher in the annals of fame than I do, your majesty?"

"Consider," replied the great man, so well versed in the science of war, "you never fought but at the head of troops in number, discipline, bravery, and ardor, and full of hopes, vying with those of any commander, but this noble chief has encountered every obstacle and drawback, and by his united abilities has surmounted untold difficulties, and thereby justly stands entitled to such laurels as conquest, fame and magnanimity can only give."

Not only was Washington's genius appreciated by some of his great contemporaries, but Napoleon I., as well some years later, admired this great man.

Washington's personal appearance is described by one who knew him as follows: "He was tall, well-proportioned, rather large boned,

distinguished, manly, with bold features, face rather long, slightly pockmarked, hair deep brown, complexion sunburned and without much color; while his square, massive chin was indicative of a firm, unbending will. His manners were composed and quiet, while his countenance bore a thoughtful expression. He was strikingly graceful, with a remarkable air of dignity, a profound deep mind, without mercurial quickness, but just, vigilant, and generous to all. In his social relations he was an affectionate husband, a faithful friend, a father to his soldiers, and agreeable in his intercourse with all, but somewhat reserved. He was a total stranger to religious prejudices, a devout churchman, irreproachable in morals, and was never known to exceed the bounds of the most rigid temperance."

From the time General Washington assumed command of the Continental Army, he exacted a strict attendance to religious duties on Sunday from his men, and prohibited profanity, gambling or loose conduct of any kind. And to these judicious measures and the firm stand he assumed, as well as the kindly intercourse he maintained with his soldiers who always found in him a devoted friend, as well as exacting commander, may be ascribed the ascendancy he had over the army, which fairly worshipped him.

What a contrast the frugal existence, full of hardships, led by the Continental Army was to the easy, heedless and luxurious manner in which the British leaders passed the time—

especially those quartered in New York and Philadelphia.

From the first Providence smiled on the brave efforts of the Americans, and brought them through the ordeal of the fiery furnace, tempering their spirit in its flames, although at times the future appeared so dark and hopeless.



## CHAPTER XXVI.

## SURRENDER OF CORNWALLIS.

FEELING that he could benefit the Americans greatly by his influence at court, Lafayette obtained a leave of absence from Congress, but a severe illness prevented him from sailing as soon as he desired. However, he finally embarked on the *Alliance*, January 11, 1779.

And devoted as ever to the commander-in-chief, his last thought was for him, and he wrote him a most affectionate letter on board the ship, just before sailing.

When Lafayette landed in France his countrymen tendered him a most enthusiastic ovation, and he became the popular idol of the day.

His young wife was rejoiced to see him again, and for several months their happiness was unalloyed, except by the occasional anxiety of the Marquise of Lafayette at the thought that they must soon again part, because Lafayette's brave, enterprising nature would not allow him to remain inactive for any length of time, while the aid of his sword was required by the Americans.

Their son, George Washington Lafayette, was born December, 1779, and their christening their first son with the name of the great Amer-

ican general served to strengthen the bonds of friendship between that great man and Lafayette.

During his stay in France Lafayette was continually soliciting aid from the French court for the Americans. And finally the king and his ministry acceded to his requests, and resolved to send six thousand troops with six men-of-war to the relief of the patriots.

So pertinacious was Lafayette in his demands that the Prime Minister of France exclaimed:

"He would unfurnish the palace of Versailles to clothe the American army," to which Lafayette responded. "Indeed I would."

Finally, March 19, 1780, Lafayette set sail for America, and landed in Boston, where he was most warmly greeted by the dignified townsmen, who forgot their usual reserve to indulge in the heartiest demonstrations of joy. Bells were merrily pealed, and the roar of artillery was heard above the shouts of the populace, as they hurraed for Lafayette. However, he did not remain long in that city as he was anxious to convey the gladful tidings in person to Washington, who was overjoyed to welcome him again, while the bonds of affection were strengthened by the fact that Lafayette had named his little son and heir for the hero whom he so loved and revered.

The destitution of the American troops was extreme at that time, and Washington wrote to Congress as follows:

"For the troops to be without clothing at any time is highly injurious to the service, but the

want will be particularly mortifying when they come to act with those of our allies."

Out of his private purse Lafayette supplied some of their wants at that time.

Owing to the delay in the arrival of all the French troops, Washington abandoned his plan of attacking New York, and soon after Lafayette was dispatched to Virginia to take command of the troops and keep an eye on Cornwallis. In the dance he led the British general, Lafayette proved his generalship. Cornwallis was fond of boasting at that time: "The boy cannot escape me." But, much to his dismay, "the boy" turned out to be a fox, and after leading the enemy a most perplexing chase, doubled on his pursuer, and led him into a trap, in which he was totally defeated by the American patriots.

General Washington hastened to the scene at the head of his army, after having outwitted the British General Clinton by feigning an attack on New York, and therefore Clinton was thrown off his guard, and did not go to Cornwallis' assistance.

Washington then crossed the Hudson, and marched into Virginia. Meanwhile the commander of the French fleet was uneasy and desired that Lafayette should attack the English before Washington's arrival, but this he stanchly refused to do.

Then fearing that the British fleet was in New York, Count De Grasse concluded to proceed there, leaving the Americans in the lurch, as D'Estaing had done in Newport, and it was .

only due to Lafayette's intercession that the French commander finally agreed to await the commander-in-chief's arrival and co-operate with the American troops.

Cornwallis, with the main division of his army, was intrenched in Yorktown, which the Americans and allied forces proceeded to invest their line extending in a semicircle over a distance of two miles from the British works, each wing touching the York River. The French troops held the left, the patriots the right, while Count De Grasse with his fleet stationed himself in Lynn Haven Bay to intercept any naval force which might attempt to come to Cornwallis' relief. A brisk fire was opened upon the enemy, while every shot played deadly havoc in their ranks, and several redoubts were captured by the Americans and their allies. Four large British transports were set on fire by a discharge from the Americans, and burned to the water's edge, and while this scene of awful grandeur was enacted, nature remained calm and serene, and the blue sky looked down unmoved on all the havoc and destruction, so long as the Americans were the victors. But the scene quickly changed, when discouraged and disheartened, Cornwallis determined to make one desperate effort to escape. Nature then came to the assistance of the patriots, and by a terrific storm of wind and rain, which reigned with unabated violence all night long, cut off their retreat, and placed the British at the mercy of the Americans.

Further resistance was hopeless, and Cornwallis capitulated on October 19, 1781.

The British lost 552 men during the siege, and the whole number of prisoners taken was 7,015. Eleven thousand Americans and 5,000 Frenchmen were engaged in the campaign, and their loss was only about 300.

The scene of the surrender of Yorktown has furnished a fine subject for American artists, and it was a most impressive spectacle.

Thousands of patriots from the surrounding country congregated there to witness the downfall of the British commander whom they heartily hated as well as his army, which had desolated so many American homes, leaving a track of blood behind them in their ruthless course.

The Americans were drawn up on the right side of the road leading from Yorktown to Hampton, and the lines extended more than a mile. Washington in gala array, and mounted on a superb white charger, was the noblest, as well as the most imposing amid that band of distinguished French and American heroes. Rochambeau was at the head of the French column.

It was a beautiful clear day in the sunny south, and the sun shone forth in all its glory, while only a few fleecy white clouds floated on the horizon.

The woods were just beginning to turn, and the variegated hue of the trees added a touch of color to the scene.

In the background the disastrous traces of the siege were visible, elegant dwellings honey-combed and ready to topple over, while others were only a mass of *débris*.

General Nelson, who was at the head of the Virginia troops, with true patriotic self-sacrifice, had directed the cannon against his own residence, occupied during the siege by Cornwallis and his staff.

As the British troops marched out, with their colors cased, and drums beating a doleful tattoo, a deep silence prevailed in the ranks of their conquerors, who were too magnanimous to jeer at their defeat.

In order not to be present at this humiliating scene, Cornwallis feigned illness, and commanded General O'Hara to deliver his sword to the commander-in-chief. And therefore O'Hara advanced toward Washington and removing his hat, explained the cause of Cornwallis' absence. The commander-in-chief chose General Lincoln to receive the British general's sword, and this must have been gratifying to Lincoln, and soothed his wounded pride, because only a year previous he was compelled to surrender to the British at Charleston.

After accepting the sword, Lincoln politely returned it to O'Hara, to hand to the defeated earl.

One of the most interesting features of the surrender at Yorktown was when the British colors were surrendered. Twenty-eight British captains, each with a flag in its case, were drawn up in line. Opposite, at a distance of twelve paces, were twenty-eight American sergeants, placed there to receive the colors. The youngest ensign in the American army was instructed to carry out the rest of the ceremony.

When the ensign gave the order for the British to approach and deliver up their colors, they hesitated at first, not relishing the idea of obeying such a stripling, and a noncommissioned officer to boot. Hamilton, who was at some distance, rode up to ascertain the cause of the delay, and willing to spare the English as much humiliation as possible, he commanded Ensign Wilson to take the colors from them in turn and then hand them to the sergeants.

After surrendering their colors, the whole British army laid down their arms; after this they were conducted back to the English lines.

The surrender of Cornwallis secured the independence of the United States, and put the finishing touch to the revolutionary war. There were great rejoicings in the American camp, and the commander-in-chief ordered that divine services should be held on the following day, which was the Sabbath, as this great man's first thought was always to render a prayer of thanksgiving to the Almighty for blessing the American cause.

The glad tidings flew through the country, and one of Washington's aids conveyed the intelligence to Congress, in Philadelphia at that time, arriving there at midnight.

Immediately after the bell of the State House rang out a joyous peal, the watchmen took up the glad refrain, shouting in a stentorian tone, "Cornwallis is taken? Yorktown has surrendered!"

Windows were flung open, white-capped individuals thrust out their heads into the night

air, eagerly asking for further particulars. The whole city was aroused, and there was no more sleep that night.

An express rode at break neck speed through the country shouting as he passed along: "Rejoice! The British are conquered! Cornwallis is taken! Yorktown is ours!"

The event was celebrated in Philadelphia by the booming of cannon, and at an early hour Congress met to listen to Washington's dispatches.

A motion was then made to proceed to church and return thanks to Almighty God for crowning with success the allied armies of the United States and France. And the 16th of December was appointed as a day of general thanksgiving and prayer throughout the confederacy.



## CHAPTER XXVII.

## LAFAYETTE'S RETURN TO FRANCE.

LAFAYETTE'S heart called him to France, as he longed to see his wife and children—those tender buds which scarcely knew their paternal stock, owing to his long absence from home.

Congress granted the marquis' leave of absence, while it conferred upon him the most flattering testimonials of regard and gratitude. When the intelligence of Lafayette's arrival was received in Paris, his wife was at a grand *fête* at the Hotel de Ville in celebration of the dauphin's birth. The warm-hearted, impetuous Marie Antoinette desired to show her appreciation of Lafayette's valor, and to confer on him a mark of distinction as the conqueror of Cornwallis, so the queen ordered her carriage and accompanied Madame de Lafayette to the Hotel de Noailles, where Lafayette had just arrived.

"Ah, my dear marquis," the queen exclaimed as she saw him, "we are glad to welcome our conquering hero home."

"I am completely overpowered, your majesty, by such noble condescension on your majesty's part, in deigning to visit the humble abode of one of your most loyal subjects," he

courteously replied, bending low and kissing her extended hand.

His wife clasped his hand in both of hers, and her eyes expressed all that decorum required should be suppressed in the presence of royalty.

The queen soon after left the young couple alone, saying as she took her departure:

"Ah, marquis, although you are a most loyal subject, I am sure in your heart you are wishing me away so that you may indulge in the happiness of being once more with your charming wife. Adieu."

"Ah, your majesty, the sun of your presence is sufficient to light our hearth, and your absence will turn day into night," the marquis gallantly said.

Although the marquise was not jealous, and knew how to make allowances for the high-flown, exaggerated style of French gallantry, her truthful face expressed her chagrin so plainly as she began to fear that her husband would fall in love with the fascinating Marie Antoinette, that the queen playfully patted her cheek, as she said:

"There, there, child, I am going, as I do not want to mar your bliss in this joyful reunion, nor to render you an enemy for life. Adieu, adieu!"

"But allow me, your majesty, to escort you to your carriage, since you will withdraw the sunshine of your presence," the marquis gallantly said, accompanying her to the door.

The marquise's love for her noble young hus-

band grew warmer and warmer, and as she had now passed from maidenhood into womanhood, she understood the full meaning of passion and love. Her daughter Virginie says with charming guilelessness in her life of her father:

"The joy of seeing him again, and the fascination of his presence were so felt by my mother, and her feelings were so overpowering, that for several months she felt ready to faint every time he left the room. She was alarmed at the vehemence of her passion, fearing that she could not always conceal it from my father and that it might become annoying to him, and she therefore endeavored to restrain it for his sake."

Theirs was an ideal love match, and their life was full of uninterrupted bliss for some time.

In October, 1782, their Virginie was born, and Lafayette immediately wrote to inform his beloved Washington of the name with which she had been christened, as an assurance of his sympathy for Virginia—the old Dominion.

When the final treaty between England and the United States was signed, Lafayette was at Cadiz, preparing to sail for America, to convey the glad tidings of peace, but he delayed his departure, in order to hasten to Madrid and enter into negotiations for the full recognition of the American minister in his official rank, as there was some hesitation at that time on the part of the King of Spain to receive Mr. Carmichael, although the king had already signed the peace treaty, acknowledging the Independence of the United States of America.

Lafayette's disinterestedness in the cause of America was fully appreciated by Washington as well as Congress. The marquis' letter conveying the joyful tidings of the celebration of the treaty of peace, arrived in Philadelphia, March 23, 1783. And we herein quote a passage from the commander-in-chief's letter in reply to Lafayette:

"It is easier for you to conceive, than for me to express, the sensibility of my heart at the communication of your letter of the 5th of February from Cadiz. It is to these communications we are indebted for the only account we have received of general pacification. My mind upon receipt of this intelligence was instantly assailed by a thousand ideas, all of them contending for pre-eminence; but believe me, dear friend, none could support or ever eradicate that gratitude which has arisen from a lowly sense of the conduct of your nature, and to my obligation of many of its illustrious characters, of whom, without flattery, I place you at the head. And from my admiration of your august sovereign, who at the same time that he stands confessed the father of his own people, and the defender of American rights, has given the most exalted example of moderation in dealing with his enemies.

"Your going to Madrid instead of coming directly to this country is another instance, my dear marquis, of your zeal for the American cause, and lays a fresh claim to the gratitude of her sons, who will at all times receive you with open arms."

Lafayette arrived in New York, August 1784, and during his journey to Philadelphia and Baltimore was most enthusiastically received with the greatest civil and military honors. His first thought was to call on his dearest friend, General Washington, at Mount Vernon. And to this day the apartment which was occupied by Lafayette is religiously preserved in its original state as an historic relic.

He remained for twelve days in that beautiful home on the banks of the Potomac, enjoying the most uninterrupted intercourse with General Washington, and their delightful drives and strolls through the country left indelible traces on the memory of both.

When Lafayette took his departure their parting was most affecting, as Washington seemed to have a presentiment that he would never meet Lafayette again on this side of the grave, and this thought affected them both most keenly.

Boston far surpassed other cities in the ovation it tendered Lafayette. Hancock was governor at that time, and he gave a grand banquet in honor of the French hero, so dearly beloved by the American people. And as his visit happened to occur on the anniversary of the surrender of Cornwallis, the city was gayly decked with bunting, cannons boomed, bugles resounded, and bands of music paraded the streets, playing patriotic airs, while the staid citizens of Boston turned out in gala array to do honor to the occasion.

After the banquet, thirteen patriotic toasts

were drunk, each followed by a salute of thirteen guns. As the name of Washington was pronounced, Lafayette arose and a curtain was pulled back, disclosing a magnificent portrait of Washington, the Father of his Country, decorated with laurels and the entwined flags of America and France. A loud shout of "Long live Washington!" burst from all. And Lafayette's heart was filled with emotion.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

## MEHITABLE'S WEDDING.

MEHITABLE'S wedding day arrived, and she was united to the man of her choice. They were a fine-looking couple as they stood up before the minister, and vowed to take each other for better or for worse.

Martha's marriage followed soon after, and within a year Abigail was also wedded, so the twins, together with Mary and Frances were the only ones left at home.

Mary had no other suitors, as her quiet, reserved manners repelled admiration. She discarded all attempts at adornment, and had become very prim and precise, while she was so settled in her ways that she appeared much older than she really was.

The twins kept the house lively with the gay circle of friends they attracted, until finally they also became engaged.

And as in those days short engagements and early marriages were the rule, they also were married and went away; so that only Mary and Frances were left at home with the old folks. Frances was a lovely, quiet, retiring girl, fond of her books, and passionately devoted to her parents. But she was in delicate health, and

could not join in the gayety of girls of her age; hence the house seemed dull and deserted after the other sisters had gone away.

Several years passed on colorless and uneventful for Mary, though full of stirring events for her country.

Mehitable lived near her parents, in a handsome house, and scarcely a day passed without her running in to see her mother.

She had three little ones, and Mary loved them dearly.

Six years had elapsed since Mary had parted from Henry, and she had only seen him once during that time, as he studiously avoided her, and whenever they met he only saluted her with a distant bow.

Hannah had never forgotten her sister's disappointment, while she attributed the cause to Mehitable's usurpation of the parlor on the eventful evening when Henry had come with the acknowledged purpose of asking Mary to name their wedding day.

Hannah was so happy in her married life she would gladly have seen Mary united to the man she so dearly loved. And she was sure that she still loved Henry because she could not hear his name without blushing and showing emotion, although several years had elapsed since they had parted.

One day when Mehitable and Hannah were alone, the former suddenly remarked:

"I wonder if Mary still cares for Henry, and what made her break off with him."

"It was all your fault, Mehitable," Hannah retorted.



"What do you mean, Hannah?" Mehitable inquired. "I am sure I never said or did anything to Henry to arouse his ire, but he has only called on me once since my marriage. And I know he has not been to father's house for ages."

"It all comes from that bitter cold night in February, just before you were married," Hannah replied. "Mary was expecting Henry, who evidently wanted her to name the wedding day, as he said he wanted to see her particularly, and that his happiness depended on her answer. Mary ordered a fire to be made in the parlor and told the maid to show Henry in when he called, while she went upstairs to dress. Just then Alden made his appearance and you took him into the parlor, although the maid whispered to you that Miss Mary expected Mr. Henry, and had told her to show him into the parlor."

"I did not know that," Mehitable said in a contrite tone. "But why didn't she take him into the sitting room or the library?"

"Because they were already occupied. Father and mother were entertaining Deacon Smith in the sitting room, Martha and Captain Gorham were in the music room, Abbie was in the dining room with her beau, and the library was all upset, as it had been painted that day. All that was left was the kitchen, and the servants were entertaining their company that evening. I remember how badly Mary felt and Elizabeth was teasing her so, that when Henry came she was so excited and nervous she sent a curt message that she could not see him. The conse-

quence was he got angry and never came near her again. Mary was deeply hurt, but she is very proud, as you know, so she would not betray her feelings," Hannah added.

"And she has never looked at any man since, and you know she takes no pleasure in anything now. You have spoiled her life, Mehitable."

Mehitable knit her brow, and a pained expression appeared on her face as she replied:

"Can it really be that I am the innocent cause of my sister's disappointment? And now I recollect I did wonder at the time why Henry had ceased his visits, but I was so busy preparing to get married, that I forgot all about it. Do you really think, Hannah, that Mary still cares for him?"

Of course she does, or why should she be so dull all the time. And as for Henry he never looks at a girl nowadays, but lives like a hermit, wrapped up in himself," Hannah replied.

"I'll tell you what I'll do, Hannah," Mehitable said. "I'll arrange a meeting between them, and send for Henry to come here, as I want to see him. I shall not say anything to Mary about his coming, but I shall send her into the room not knowing who is there, and mark my words, they'll quickly come to an understanding."

Mehitable was as good as her word. She sent for Mary, and arranged her hair in a more becoming fashion, saying it was a whim of hers to fix her up. Mary laughed at her sister's endeavors to make her look stylish, for she no

longer cared for the vanities of life. But she yielded good-naturedly, and the children exclaimed: "How pretty Aunt Mary looks, mamma!"

Mehitable stood off, and looked at her saying:

"I do not see what ails you, Mary, to make you neglect your personal appearance as you do. You are still a young woman, and it is every gentlewoman's duty to pay due regard to her dress and personal appearance. Just look at yourself in the glass. You look quite like your old self, dear."

Mary gave vent to a little pleased laugh, and she blushed as she saw her reflection in the glass, and the transformation that Mehitable had effected with a few skillful touches.

Mehitable was aware that she would be obliged to resort to stratagem to get Mary to go in the parlor, so when the maid gave her a knowing look, and announced that there was a visitor in the parlor without giving his name, Mehitable said to her sister:

"Do hurry down and see that gentleman, dear, while I change my dress. I'll be down presently."

Mary hurried downstairs, a more animated expression on her countenance, as she was touched by her sister's kindness. As she entered the room, Henry started up in surprise, and then came forward to meet her, and as her cheeks flushed, and a tender expression involuntarily came into her eyes, he clasped her hand in his, and gazing intently into her averted face, said as though they had only parted the day before:

"Why did you refuse to see me, Mary? Was it due to maidenly coyness, or did you no longer care for me?"

Her only answer was to burst into tears, and Henry drew her into his arms, saying:

"I shall not release you until you tell me all about it."

If any one had predicted that would be the upshot of their meeting, Henry would not have believed it, but his love had revived, and all wounded pride had vanished at finding himself once more alone with Mary, while the love-light in her eyes betrayed her true feelings toward him, and gave him courage to go on.

The result of their reconciliation was that Henry insisted on Mary's naming an early date for their marriage, as he said he had already been cheated out of six years of happiness, and could not wait any longer.

After Mary left home, Frances was the only one who stayed with the old folks, and she was a great comfort to them.

Parson Quincy was a gentleman of the old school, and he never relaxed in the chivalrous regard he paid to the gentler sex, as he called women.

The house was dull, and lonely, and Mrs. Quincy particularly felt the need of society to arouse her from the morbid state into which she fell; but her increasing infirmities debarred her from leaving home. And as they lived at some distance from town, the snow and ice made the roads impassable, so she was not able to visit nor to see any of her neighbors.

Frances was sent to a finishing school, and during the dreary New England winter, Mrs. Quincy's mind failed and not having anything to divert her she grew very melancholy and pious, while her piety assumed the morbid form of considering herself one of the greatest sinners on earth, although she was the purest woman living, and that her only salvation lay in a life of constant self-sacrifice and fasting. She would retire to her private apartment, close all the windows and shutters so that the room was totally dark, with the exception of a faint ray of light which came down the wide chimney place. Then she would remain in her room, refusing to come down to the midday meal, and would only emerge to take part in morning and evening prayers, and to join the family at breakfast or supper. Parson Quincy was obliged to eat the noonday meal in solitary state, for the family only consisted of himself and wife, as Frances was at school, and their married daughters could only occasionally visit them during the winter months.

Parson Quincy only spoke harshly once to his wife, and that was when he became aware that her close vigils and long hours of prayer were impairing her health most seriously. He commanded her to desist from such exhausting vigils, sternly reminding her that she had duties to fulfill toward her daughters and husband, as well as to look out for her own welfare; and that God did not intend that any human being should adopt a suicidal method of salvation.

His harsh tone seemed to strike a chill to her heart, and as for her husband, he immediately felt ashamed of his outburst, and humbly begged her pardon, vowing never to interfere in future with her religious devotions. But it would have been far better if he had done so, and if he had drawn her out of herself, for her continual brooding degenerated into a mild form of insanity, from which she was only aroused a short time before her death, which occurred a year after Mary's marriage.

Mrs. Quincy seemed to emerge just before her final dissolution into a state of beatitude and glorification, while she felt perfectly happy and rejoiced that her sins were forgiven. Poor soul, her sins were only imaginary, for no better woman ever lived!

## CHAPTER XXIX.

## GOVERNOR HANCOCK'S DEATH.

GOVERNOR HANCOCK'S forebodings were realized, and his little boy was drowned one day while out skating. His lifeless body was brought home to his parents, who were overwhelmed with grief.

Six years later Hancock was released from all earthly troubles, for he died October 8, 1793, aged fifty-six years.

Dorothy was constantly beside him, and he was fully conscious of his approaching dissolution, while his eyes became glazed and dim, his hand tightened its hold on hers, as she sat beside him. An anxious expression overshadowed his face, as he endeavored to articulate something, but all that Dorothy could distinguish was:

"My will."

"Do not distress yourself about that now, John," she said. "Think of your heavenly home, and that your spirit will soon appear before your Maker, and at that solemn thought you should discard all worldly thoughts."

"But you," he stammered.

"I have no doubt that you have made ample provisions for me, dear. Anyway, your

nephew will succeed to the greater part of your property, and I have repeatedly assured you of my willingness that it should be so. You know I am very fond of little John, and I am glad that you made him your heir after our child's death. My dear husband, do not distress yourself about worldly matters now," Dorothy said in a soothing tone.

"Dorothy," he stammered, "I have often been unkind to you."

"Do not say so, John. I assure you I have never regretted the day I married you, and now, dear, think of yourself, and not of me," she murmured amid her tears.

"Hiding-place—dining room—" he stammered in a thick voice, the veins swelling in his neck like cords, with the exertion he made to speak.

"Yes, I understand, dear," his wife replied.

"Will," he painfully uttered, and he closed his eyes wearily, and gave a faint sigh, while a ghastly hue overspread his features. He relaxed his hold on Dorothy's hand, as his spirit fled, leaving only the lifeless clay.

Dorothy leaned forward, and touched his clammy brow, and as she felt that icy coldness peculiar to a corpse, she uttered a piercing shriek and fell down in a swoon.

The windows and shutters were closed, the governor's body was laid out in state, and the whole city went into mourning. The funeral was one of the grandest ever seen in Boston. All the militia turned out to pay proper respect to their general, city corporations marched in



the procession, and the chief mourners went on foot, carrying the bier on their shoulders to pay a greater mark of respect to the deceased, while the military band played funeral dirges on the way to the cemetery.

John Hancock, the first Governor of the State of Massachusetts, was appointed in 1780, and remained in office from 1780 until his death in 1793, with the exception of one year, when his ill-health obliged him to resign for a short time in favor of a younger man during the Shay rebellion.

Historians differ in their estimates of this great man, and he found both warm, eulogistic admirers and envious detractors. But it should be remembered that he was one of the prime movers in the revolution, as well as the most enthusiastic and enterprising. He did more to stir up rebellion and an interest in the sacred cause of liberty than almost any other man at that time while he generously devoted his large fortune in furnishing aid to the Continental Army, and spared no sacrifice in behalf of his country. During his services as President of the Provisional Congress, and later of the Continental Congress, Hancock was indefatigable in the discharge of his duties, in spite of his continual ill-health, which rendered him prematurely old. Although but fifty-six when he died, he appeared like a decrepit old man.

After the last offices for the dead had been performed, and a few days after the funeral, Governor Hancock's nephew instituted a search for the will, which was not forthcoming.

Lawyer Smith was consulted in regard to the matter and he showed Mr. Hancock a rough draft or memorandum he had made of its contents, but that was invalid unless the original with the governor's signature could be found.

Dorothy did not take much interest in the matter, as she had never had a great regard for wealth and her grief for her husband precluded all other thoughts. When Mr. Hancock came to her for information regarding the will, saying that it could not be found, she wearily put her hand to her forehead as though trying to collect her thoughts, and said:

"Oh, that must have been what John meant on his deathbed, when he tried to tell me something, and I bade him not distress himself."

"You should have allowed him to finish," Mr. Hancock said in an irritable tone of voice. "Besides, the loss of the will will be a serious matter for you, Mrs. Hancock, and I would not have you suffer for it," he added.

Dorothy knit her fair brow, which was remarkably smooth for a woman of her age, for she was now about forty. She slowly replied:

"I believe he said something about the dining room, and a hiding-place, but I did not pay much attention to what he was saying, as he was so distressed; I wanted him to keep quiet and compose himself. But I'll cause a search to be made for the missing will, for I really feel unequal to undertake it myself. And after all, what does it matter anyway? So long as I am not left without a roof, it is all the same to me."

"But not to me, madam, for the law will give nearly all the property in accordance to the first will, if the codicil to the second is not forthcoming, because such is the law."

Dorothy looked up quickly, and experienced a feeling of contempt for the littleness of human nature, when she saw how his tone changed so soon as money matters came up between them.

Betsy kept aloof, for she had a weak, mild, yielding disposition, and she had not the slightest control over her husband. And she did not like the eagerness he displayed to come into possession of his uncle's estate. Ordinarily an upright man, self-interest now blinded him, and so long as his uncle's will was not forthcoming, he was willing to avail himself of the fortune within his grasp.

The will was not found, but Governor Hancock's nephew allowed Mrs. Hancock to retain possession of the mansion, and the portion of her husband's property allotted to her by law, while he got the larger share, and immediately assumed the style and display he considered incumbent upon his uncle's nephew and heir.

Mrs. Hancock was compelled to reduce her expenditures, and to live in a more simple manner than she had been accustomed to heretofore, but she bore these reverses with her usual equanimity, and kept up her rôle as Lady Bountiful as much as possible.

Dorothy felt very lonely after her husband's death, especially as she led a very secluded life during her mourning, and did not receive any but a few intimate friends.

About two years had elapsed since her husband's death, and one winter evening she was sitting before the fire, watching the peat logs, as they crackled and sputtered with a bluish light, which finally turned into bright flames; and listlessly holding a book as she gazed at the fire. She was musing on the past, and reviewing the events of her married life, and as she gazed into the ruddy flames, suddenly Captain Scott's face seemed to appear before her, and she could see once more the singular expression in his eyes, on that day when he had looked at her so fixedly.

Again she felt that involuntary flutter of her heart, and a warm glow as the color mounted into her cheeks.

A knock at the door just at that moment startled Dorothy, and she almost jumped out of her chair as Pompey entered. The old darky was now bent and gray, but as picturesque as ever in his livery, and he extended a silver salver with a card laying on it, saying:

"Captain Scott is below, missis, and begs you to see him."

"Captain Scott!" Dorothy exclaimed in a joyful tone. "Let him come up a once."

A few moments later Pompey reappeared, ushering Captain Scott into the room, who looked as handsome as ever. He had just returned from a long sea voyage, and had heard of the governor's death with deep regret, at losing his old friend. Time had changed the captain during the years he had been absent, and his hair was thickly sprinkled with gray,

while the deep lines on his ruddy face told of sleepless vigils, and days full of care and sorrow. He had lost his usual buoyant manner, and was now quieter and more sedate.

As he bowed deeply to Dorothy, she extended her hand, which he clasped in both of his and gazed into her face with a searching look.

Dorothy blushed deeply and sank back in her chair, while her pulse beat more quickly as she felt his eyes upon her which seemed as though reading her inmost thoughts.

Drawing a chair close to her side, he said: "Dorothy, a fastidious or too prudish person might object to what I am about to say, considering that I should pay greater respect to your widow's weeds, as well as to the memory of your husband, my honored friend. But circumstances alter cases, and when I see you looking so sad and forlorn, I feel as though I could scarcely resist the temptation of seizing you in my arms, and telling you all I feel for you, although such was not my intention when I called upon the widow of my late lamented friend. But the warm welcome expressed in your eyes has emboldened me, added to the natural bluntness or frankness of a sailor, who always wears his heart upon his sleeve. I have loved you deeply, passionately, hopelessly, for many, many years, worshipping you in the recesses of my heart, wherein I had enshrined you, or as a bright star, far beyond my reach, while I buried my passion, and never betrayed it by word or deed during the lifetime of your husband. And yet I had a secret feeling that

were you free, I might win your love, for there existed an inexplicable sympathy between us, of which both were conscious without need of words."

Dorothy glanced up at him, and her eyes filled with tears.

"Have I been too rash to stake all my happiness at one venture, Dorothy? Have I offended your womanly delicacy by my sailor-like bluntness? Forgive me if it is so, and I will go away and bury my disappointment in my heart. Speak, and tell me whether I have been too bold in cherishing the hope that I might win your love, and that you would be my wife."

Dorothy's eyes glanced up at him with an unmistakable expression of longing, and then lowering them, she said, as she heaved a sigh:

"My loyalty and faithfulness to my lamented husband preclude all thoughts of marriage for years to come—or at least for another year," she added, as she looked at Captain Scott, for she was touched by the pained expression on his countenance.

"I cannot refuse the sympathy you offer me," she added, "and I shall always consider you a dear friend."

"Do not beat about the bush, Dorothy, or offer a starving man a stone. It must be all or nothing, for nothing else will satisfy me now. After a lifetime of self-repression and longing for the woman I love so inaccessible to me, now that I find her free, nothing will satisfy me but a complete surrender of the citadel of her heart, which she would keep shut against me out of

vain considerations for a careless world. Say but the word, and I'll leave you, and never trouble you with my presence or importunities again. But if you do care for me, for the expression in your sweet eyes involuntarily betrays you, without any confirmation from your lips, do not send me away, but tell me so and let me clasp you in my arms, and enjoy the utter bliss I have longed for, have dreamed of, ever since the first time I saw you. It is that hopeless love which kept me aloof from other women, for you were peerless among womankind, and no one but your sweet self could satisfy the hungry craving of my heart. Life is short and fleeting, Dorothy. You have no children, nor any close ties to stand between us, and what do you care for the world, dear?"

As he spoke he drew nearer, and clasped Dorothy's hand between both of his, while his hot breath fanned her cheek, and his strong breast heaved with emotion. Overpowered by the strong fascination he exercised over her, and his masterful wooing, Dorothy raised her eyes to his filled with love and tenderness, and as he sank to the floor and knelt before her, she said:

"I cannot resist any longer, for I love you. Let it be as you say."

With a wild cry of joy, he threw his arms around her, and as he clasped her to his beating heart, both experienced a moment of unutterable bliss and rapture.

Drawing herself away from him, Dorothy finally said with a faint laugh:

"What a masterful way you have with you, Captain Scott."

“And what a sweet little woman you are, Dorothy,” he retorted. “But I assure you I shall only rule you by love, for you shall have your own sweet way in everything—except in the matter of appointing our wedding day,” he added; “for I shall insist on fixing it at an early date. I can wait no longer, dearest, and long to call you my own.”



## CHAPTER XXX.

## THE LONG LOST WILL.

It was a great surprise to Mr. Hancock's friends when she announced her engagement, and her husband's nephew did not hesitate to express his disapproval that his uncle's widow should demean herself by marrying a man so much the inferior of the governor in social rank.

Mrs. Hancock drew herself up haughtily and said: "Captain Scott is one of nature's noblemen. Besides, as a free-born American, he is equal in our country to any man—even the president himself. Furthermore, I am my own mistress, and there is no reason why I should consult you in regard to my marriage. I have simply informed you of that approaching event in order to invite you and your wife to my wedding, but after the sentiments you have expressed I presume you do not care to come."

Moderating his tone as he saw that he had been too hasty, he nevertheless added:

"But, madam, the members of your family have always held their heads high and have filled distinguished positions during colonial as well as revolutionary times. You pride yourself on your blue blood, and therefore I cannot understand how you can stoop to marry

a man of lesser social rank than my lamented uncle—your deceased husband. No doubt Captain Scott is a worthy man, but you cannot shut your eyes to the fact that he is a seafaring man, the captain of a merchant ship.”

“And there is no prouder title in the land, Mr. Hancock, while Captain Scott was distinguished by Congress for his meritorious services to his country during the war, and he contributed largely to your uncle’s fortune by the rich British prizes he captured for him. You forget yourself when you dare to upbraid me for my choice. Furthermore the war with England, and the attainment of our Independence, has leveled the differences of rank and caste. We are no longer proud, supercilious aristocrats, who disdain all intercourse with those of lesser rank or more humble birth, for we are now citizens of the United States. And the man of the humblest birth in our country may aspire to the presidency of the United States. Besides, I wish to inform you that Captain Scott, although not endowed with worldly goods, is not inferior by birth, as he comes of good old stock, while he is as proud of his family as you are of yours, and he is by no means your inferior.”

Mrs. Hancock’s cheeks were flushed, and her eyes flashed, as she drew herself up and looked defiantly at Mr. Hancock.

He bit his lip, but concluded that “Discretion was the better part of valor;” so he kept silent, although he foresaw that this marriage would cut off all probabilities of his son and

heir's succession to his aunt's property, in the event of any issue by her second marriage. And we must here acknowledge that New England people did not as a rule despise worldly goods by any means, but were shrewd and far-sighted.

Betsy rejoiced to hear of Mrs. Hancock's engagement, and with true womanly sympathy wished her joy so heartily that all Mrs. Hancock's resentment toward her husband's nephew vanished.

Betsy was very observant as well as quick-witted, and she knew that the life of her aunt during her husband's last years had not been a bed of roses, for she had sacrificed herself in every way for him, and even impaired her own health by her close attention to her invalid husband; while she always bore his ill-humor and caprices with sweetness and equanimity. Throwing her arms around her neck, Betsy hugged and kissed Dorothy, saying:

"How glad I am to hear the news, dear Aunt Dorothy. I wish you joy with all my heart. I admire Captain Scott, and I hope you will be happy with him. How handsome he is, and how nice! I like him so much!"

"Thank you, dear, for your kind wishes and sympathy. And I assure you I really appreciate it. What worries me, however, is that perhaps John thinks that I ought to settle my property on your little son," said Mrs. Hancock.

"Oh, do not trouble yourself about that. We have enough to live on. And I would not allow

any selfish consideration on our part to be a stumbling block in your way, nor deter you from marrying the man of your choice. I shall never forget how kind you were to John and me, Aunt Dorothy. I would do everything in the world to make you happy."

"Nevertheless, as the heir to the Hancock name and greater part of the governor's estate, perhaps your son is entitled also to all the governor left me," Mrs. Hancock replied.

"You are too unselfish, Aunt Dorothy," Betsy replied. "Do you not think you deserve some reward for all your devotion to the governor? Besides, I am sure if his will had been found that you would have had a larger share of his fortune. Indeed, I have often told John that I thought so. I wonder whatever became of that will? We must have another hunt for it some day."

"Yes," Dorothy answered in a preoccupied tone, as glancing at the clock she perceived that it was almost time for Captain Scott's daily visit, and she wanted particularly to complete the arrangements for their wedding, as the impetuous captain would not consent to a long delay.

After soothing Dorothy's wounded feelings, and dispelling her resentment toward Mr. Hancock, Betsy took her leave promising to bring her little son to spend the following day with Dorothy, who was very fond of him.

Mrs. Hancock was quietly married to Captain Scott a few weeks later, at a neighboring church, in the presence of a few relatives and

intimate friends. They were a fine-looking couple, he with his manly air and distinguished presence, radiant with happiness, while Dorothy attired in a light-gray silk gown attracted general admiration. Her cheeks were slightly flushed, and she kept her eyes modestly drooped as she pronounced the solemn vows which united her to the man she so dearly loved, with a warmer and stronger passion than ever she had experienced before.

Like the ripe, luscious fruit of autumn in all its perfection, second love appeared to her sweeter than the first blossoms, than the girlish affection her husband had inspired in her, as the full-blown rose exhales a richer fragrance than the opening bud. Her heart thrilled with rapture, mingled with a solemn realization of the step she was taking and the new duties she was assuming as she felt Captain Scott's firm hand clasp on her own. She raised her eyes to his as the final words were pronounced which made them one; and the deep, tender love she read in his, seemed an assurance that her perfect trust in him was not misplaced, and that life still offered much to enjoy with that noble-hearted man to shield her from the world.

And their union was very happy, although they were no longer young, and their spirit had been tempered in the fiery furnace. Dorothy bore several children, all bright and handsome, as children born of a happy love match usually are. The first was named after John Hancock.

Mrs. Scott did not miss the style and elegance as well as pomp, which she had been ac-

customed to as the wife of the Governor of Massachusetts, and her cup of bliss was overflowing, for she felt perfectly happy with her husband and children. They still resided in the Hancock mansion.

One day, as they were sitting at the table, the old butler, who had never left Dorothy, accidentally hit against one of the panels, which flew open to his amazement, enveloping him in a cloud of dust which issued from behind a hidden nook, while a package of papers, yellowed with age, fell on the floor.

"Lord a massy!" Pompey exclaimed. "Jess see here, missis?"

"I never knew there was a secret closet there," Dorothy exclaimed. "Pick up those papers and bring them to me, Pompey."

The old darky obeyed, his stiff joints creaking as he bent over.

While examining the dust-covered documents, Dorothy found one in her late husband's bold chirography, and sealed with red sealing wax. The seal was cracked, and she had no difficulty in deciphering its contents, and to her surprise she saw that it was his last will and testament.

Her former husband had not only deeded the old mansion to her, but also the greater part of his property, adding that it should always be hers, even if after time assuaged her grief she should marry again.

The tears came to her eyes at this evidence of his disinterestedness and she murmured to herself that she would not be outdone in generosity.

She concluded not to make known its contents, as she did not want to deprive John of any part of the property then in his possession.

When she informed her husband of her resolution, he warmly approved of it, all the more so as his proud spirit could not brook the idea of being inferior to his wife in worldly possessions. So they both decided not to inform John Hancock of the discovery of the long-lost will, and carried out their quixotic plan.

When Dorothy told her family, pledging them to secrecy, her aged father took a pinch of snuff, flipped his nose, flourished a voluminous white handkerchief, and wiped his nose, as he remarked in a quavering tone:

"The Quincys have always professed to despise filthy lucre, and will continue to do so, I presume. But you, my child, have surpassed even your illustrious progenitors in your disregard for the good things of this world. However, better a dinner of herbs, and a contented spirit, than a fatted ox, and contention therewith. May Providence bless you for your self-sacrifice, my child."

The only drawback to Dorothy's happiness was the frequent voyages her husband was obliged to take, for he was too proud to give up his calling, although his wife's means were ample enough for the support of their family. But he desired to maintain his dignity as the breadwinner and head of the family—all the more so as the advent of the little ones brought greater wants and expenditures.

In those days sea captains often accumulated a fortune by their trade with the West Indies.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

## THE YOUNG REPUBLIC.

THE years so full of change for Dorothy had not been less so for her country. And the close of the revolutionary war in 1783 did not immediately inaugurate a prosperous era for the young republic which, like an infant toddling in leading strings, was uncertain and vacillating in its first steps while learning to walk. Financial troubles, wars with the Indians in the far West, as well as the heterogeneous character of the laws and constitutions of the different States, were a constant source of contention and trouble. But when General Washington took hold of the helm, he proved an able statesman as well as a great general, and he safely steered the ship of state out of the shoals which threatened to wreck it.

Congress called a general convention, and Washington was elected president. For three months this body remained in session with closed doors. As the fruit of their labors the Constitution was brought forth, which has been ever since the bulwark of our country, and withstood the attack of traitors and foes.

At first the Constitution did not suit all the States, and it found many opponents, but finally it was adopted by all.



In 1789 Washington was elected President of the United States, under the new constitution.

Many trials he had to contend against, but with firm will and unswerving purpose, he skilfully molded the heterogeneous elements together, consolidating north, south, east and west into a firm union. He was re-elected to office in 1793.

When the French Revolution broke out, at first the people of the United States were inclined to favor it, applauding their struggle for liberty, but when the Reign of Terror ensued, and anarchy and crime were the arms wielded by the Jacobins, they were horror-stricken, and withdrew their support, while Washington issued a proclamation, enjoining strict neutrality.

The reckless course the wholesale massacre of innocent victims, simply because they were aristocrats, alienated the sympathy of all right-minded people from the revolutionists.

Genet, the French minister, learning that Washington would extend no aid to France, threatened to appeal to the people of the United States, which was an insult to the government. Therefore Washington requested his recall.

At the expiration of eight years of arduous labor, and constant anxiety, Washington retired to private life, refusing to serving a third term, and leaving the people a priceless legacy in his farewell address.

The last years of his life were passed at Mount Vernon, in the family circle. "First in peace, first in war, and first in the hearts of his countrymen," the great man retained his

hold on his countrymen's affection to the day of his death, and with succeeding generations their affection grows warmer and their veneration greater, while he stands forth in the annals of history as one of the great men on earth, who nearest approached perfection.

When Washington found that death was near, he said: "I am dying, but I am not afraid to die." Simple but sublime words, which are an epitome of his life! His sword consecrated to the service of his country, his heart wrapt up in the attainment of liberty, his soul uplifted to God in constant prayer and thanksgiving, the whole life of this great man presents a beautiful study of self-sacrifice, and devotion to a noble cause.

Surrounded, as it were, by a halo of purity and greatness, he inspired an involuntary feeling of awe in all who approached him.

His death was regarded as a national calamity, while the whole country mourned his loss.

With the close of the eighteenth century, Washington's great spirit passed away, leaving the priceless heritage of liberty to his countrymen.

The young republic, which numbered 3,929,528 inhabitants in 1790, seven years after the expiration of the War for Independence, had increased to 5,309,758 in 1800. Who could have foretold at that time the wonderful growth of the young republic, which now numbers seventy millions of inhabitants, and is one of the greatest nations on earth? In progress and inventions it stands unrivaled among all other nations.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

## LAFAYETTE IN THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

THE closing years of the eighteenth century had been no less eventful for Lafayette. All eyes turned to him on the outbreak of the French Revolution, as the advocate of liberty. When the Bastile was leveled to the ground by the infuriated mob, Lafayette forwarded the key of that fortress to Washington. Could that iron trophy speak what tales it would unfold of injustice, tyranny and oppression? Political prisoners languished for years in that gloomy fortress, and for the most trifling offense, or for having incurred the enmity of tyrannical rulers were consigned to a living death. Gray-headed, decrepit prisoners were set free on the downfall of the Bastile, men who had long since been forgotten by their friends. And as they emerged from that gloomy fortress, their gaunt forms and livid countenances told such an eloquent story of the tyranny of cruel rulers, this evidence served to inflame still more the populace against them.

Lafayette was a prominent member of the assembly of notables at Paris, February 22, 1787—the first step in the revolution. Two days after the fall of the Bastile, Lafayette was

appointed commander-in-chief of the national guards of Paris, which rapidly extended throughout France, until it numbered three million men. At his suggestion the tri-color was adopted.

But when the tiger was aroused, there was no human power able to restrain its thirst for blood. The Reign of Terror swept everything before it, Lafayette rescued the king and queen from the fury of the mob during the terrible tumults of October 5th and 6th. And although a republican at heart, he defended the king as sincerely as he had ever defended the freedom of the people.

Marie Antoinette's proud spirit could not brook the insults and contumely she was subjected to, and she bitterly recalled the mark of deference she had once shown Lafayette in accompanying his wife to her palace, unbending from her queenly dignity to be the first to extend a warm welcome to her subject.

"Alas," she remarked to the king. "Those on whom we showered the greatest marks of royal favor are now our greatest foes. Lafayette is to blame for stirring up rebellion in the French people by the new ideas he has instilled in their minds. Liberty may do for the New World, but not for the Old. It will be our ruin."

"You are right, my dear," the king replied. "And I now sincerely regret the aid I extended to America. Like a double-edged sword it has cut my own heart and yours too."

Lafayette had a hard struggle between sentiment and principle at that time. During the

tragic events which followed, he lost popularity with the Jacobins, who hated and feared him.

He took the oath of allegiance to the new constitution in 1790, but shortly after resigned his command of the national guards, and retired to his estates in the country. On the proclamation of war against the Austrians, Lafayette took the field and won several victories.

But his enemies, the Jacobins, were leagued against him. In return he wrote a letter denouncing the Jacobins as enemies to the Constitution. At first an order was issued for his arrest, but it was countermanded. Finally, during the reign of terror, commissioners were sent to the army to arrest Lafayette, who knowing that this measure meant certain death escaped, only to fall into the hands of the Austrians, who consigned him to a dungeon in the citadel of Olmutz, where he languished in imprisonment for several years. His noble wife succeeded in obtaining a permit to share his captivity.

Great efforts were made in America, as well as Europe, to obtain Lafayette's release, while the whole world was indignant at the outrageous treatment he received at the hands of his despotic jailers. Finally he was set free after the expiration of five years' imprisonment.

His proud spirit was not broken, in spite of his sufferings, and he steadily refused to accept his liberation, when it was offered to him at the sacrifice of his rights as a republican and Frenchman.

The last visit Lafayette made to his dearly

loved America was in 1824, as the nation's guest. What changes had transpired during the many years he had been absent. He had outlived nearly all of his companions-in-arms. The American republic, which he had left in its infancy, was now a flourishing nation. And the gratitude of the American people was as warm as ever toward the noble Frenchman who had aided them.

"Ah," he remarked one day to President Adams, "how it would have gladdened my heart if the noble Washington had lived a few years longer, and could have seen the rapid growth of this great country!"

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

## DEATH OF CAPTAIN SCOTT.

EAGER to win laurels to place at Dorothy's feet, for it was always a sore point with Captain Scott that his social standing was not equal to that of her first husband, he enlisted in the American navy.

Soon after he accompanied Captain Bainbridge to Algiers in 1800, and his American spirit was aroused by the indignity they were subjected to by the insolent bey or governor, who compelled Captain Bainbridge to convey his agent to Constantinople. On Bainbridge's remonstrance to lend his vessel for such a purpose, the governor haughtily replied: "You pay me tribute, and therefore are my slaves, and as your master you are bound to obey my commands."

The enemy's guns bore directly on the American vessel, and fearing total destruction, should he refuse to comply with the bey's command, Captain Bainbridge yielded.

But Captain Scott did not approve of this step, and he vowed he would rather have seen the ship go to the bottom than to yield to the tyrannical demands of an infidel.

Bainbridge took the bey's ambassador to Constantinople, and was the first to unfurl the

American flag in that port. The Turks had never even heard of the United States, as their knowledge of foreign lands was very limited. But when informed that in the new world discovered by Columbus, a new and independent nation existed, they treated the Americans with marked courtesy.

In those days it was customary for European countries to pay tribute to the Barbary States in order to protect their commerce from the piratical depredations committed on the high seas by their corsairs. And the government of the United States simply followed the example of other nations. But the American spirit was too haughty and independent to brook such indignities long, and as American commerce still suffered from piratical crafts, the United States, government remonstrated in such strong terms that war was declared by Yusef, who had usurped the throne of Tripoli.

In October, 1803, Commodore Preble anchored in the harbor of Tripoli with several ships, but still the bashaw refused to come to any agreement with him. While reconnoitering the harbor, the Philadelphia, an American ship, had stranded, and was seized by the Tripolitans, who sold the crew into slavery.

Fully aroused at this new outrage, Lieutenant Decatur undertook to blow up the Philadelphia in the enemy's harbor, so that they should reap no advantage from their prize. Seventy men volunteered to accompany him, and Captain Scott was among the number. The Americans drove the enemy from the deck, and in



the face of the bristling cannon succeeded in setting fire to the ship and retreated in their little vessel in the midst of the general illumination which lit up castles, minarets, and mosques, and revealed the distorted features of their swarthy foes, who had been taken unawares. By the light of the conflagration, the Americans' little craft, the *Intrepid*, was visible to the Tripolitans, who opened a brisk fire upon it from their forts, but strange to say not a life was lost on the gallant little vessel.

This was one of the most brilliant exploits during the war.

Lieutenant Decatur was rather below the medium height, but his figure was remarkably well knit and graceful. His complexion was dark, his eyes black and piercing and he was very distinguished in his appearance as well as a remarkably handsome man. Inheriting his father's brave spirit, who was one of the naval heroes of the Revolution, Decatur ranks high in American history.

"Ah," Captain Scott remarked to him one day, "if Captain Bainbridge had been made of the same stuff you are, we would have conquered those beastly Tripolitans long ago. It makes my blood boil to think of the way in which those dastardly pirates have overrun the high seas, and their merciless treatment of the unhappy victims who fell into their clutches."

"Yes, you are right," replied Decatur. "And I wonder how other nations have put up with their exactions so long. It is an outrage that civilized people should submit to those cowardly

Moors. They require a sound drubbing, and the United States will give it to them, mark my words."

"Yes, for our nation is like a lusty stripling, always ready for a fight," retorted Captain Scott. "And if it takes years to conquer them, I shall remain at my post, in spite of my longing to see my family."

"Family ties have to be put aside when a man is in the service of his country," Lieutenant Decatur replied, heaving a faint sigh. "Sailors' wives and sweethearts have a hard time of it in case of war."

"Yes, you are right—glory is alluring, but we have to make many sacrifices for its attainment," Captain Scott replied. "During the excitement of battle I can stand it, but in the dreary night vigils I often feel so homesick I am almost inclined to cast patriotism and glory to the winds, and return to my loved ones at home."

"Such sentiments are not becoming to such a good patriot as you are, Captain Scott," Lieutenant Decatur said.

"I know it. But when a man gets on in years, the glamor of glory fades, the scales fall from his eyes, and life is stripped of many of its illusions, which made it appear so bright in his youthful days. I am an old sea dog, and now that I have a happy home and a fond wife and family, I grudge all the time I pass away from them. All the more so as the fleeting years warn me my span of life is about ended."

As Captain Scott spoke his face became gloomy and downcast.

"Cheer up, old boy," said Lieutenant Decatur. "The war will soon be over. We shall whip these rascals and return to America with flying colors. And having gathered fresh laurels in the fray, you may well retire to the privacy of your home.

"But to return to Captain Bainbridge who is now lying in prison in Tripoli. Give the poor devil his due, for it was he who suggested the blowing up of the Philadelphia, so his mind was the one to invent and my arm the one to execute."

"You are very considerate, Lieutenant Decatur, but allow me to say that neither Captain Bainbridge nor any other man, could be equal to the task you so nobly carried out," Captain Scott replied.

"We'll have hot work soon," Decatur retorted. "Preble's blood is up, and he will not rest until he has brought the Tripolitans to terms."

The following engagement was still more glorious, for Decatur distinguished himself still further, and in a hand-to-hand fight with the Tripolitan commanding officer, who was a man of powerful stature and strength, he killed his antagonist. Clutching his hand as he was endeavoring to reach his yataghan, Decatur drew his pistol, passing his arm around the Tripolitan's body, pointing the muzzle of the pistol inward, he fired, and thus killed his foe.

The enemy was completely crushed. And as Yusef learned that the American consul, Captain Eaton, with a land force, was advancing

to reinforce the Americans in the harbor, he quickly capitulated, and a treaty was drawn up.

In the last engagement with the enemy, Captain Scott was severely wounded in the arm by a Tripolitan's yataghan. The weather was exceedingly sultry, and the fierce African sun beat down on deck, rendering the atmosphere as close as a furnace. With nothing but brackish water to quench his thirst Captain Scott suffered excruciating agony from the burning fever which consumed him. His wound festered and would not heal. No longer young he had not sufficient vitality to rally, and within a few days breathed his last. His remains were consigned to a watery grave, and his papers and a few valuables were forwarded to his widow.

Poor Dorothy was left a widow for the second time! But her greatest sorrow was that her husband had died far away from her, and that she could not soothe his last hours. But she still had other ties to bind her to earth, and her children were a great comfort to her in her affliction; particularly her oldest son John, who greatly resembled his father, both in appearance and disposition.

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

## FRANCES.

AMONG the relatives who were most assiduous in their attentions to Mrs. Scott during her bereavement was her niece, Frances. Her mother's death had cast a shadow over her young life, and the lonely existence she led at home with her father now well on in years, rendered her sad and serious, while she took no pleasure in the usual pastimes girls of her age indulged in.

Her father's mind was absorbed in his pastoral duties, and he seldom found time to talk to Frances, who would sit for hours with some needlework in his study, while he wrote his sermons. And as she knew he did not like to have his train of thought interrupted, she would remain silent, never venturing to speak, unless he first addressed her.

Her married sisters were absorbed in their family cares, and as Frances did not like to leave her father alone, she refused all their urgent invitations to visit them. She was now a thoughtful woman, and her father's failing strength made her realize that his days were numbered, so she could not bear to leave him alone.

Martha, their housekeeper, would often shake her head, and remark to Hannah Moody, who

frequently came there: "It makes my heart ache to see Miss Frances so sad. She is like a bird, she eats so little. And she takes no pleasure in going around with girls of her age. And it is very dull for the poor child at home."

"Oh, never you mind," Hannah replied. "Some fine day she will fall in love and marry, and that will wake her up quick enough. Especially when the bawling young ones make their appearance."

"I am surprised to hear you speak so," Martha said. "It is very unbecoming for an unmarried woman to speak of such things. What do you know about it?"

"Knew enough to keep out of it," Hannah grunted. "Pesky critters, what are men good for, but to make trouble and care? Glad enough I am I never married. And if you had known as much as I do you would have kept out of a heap of trouble, Martha, by remaining single."

"And I would have missed some of the sweetest joys of life," Martha retorted.

"What good did it do you? Your husband was drowned at sea, and your only son has gone off, following the sea also, in spite of his father's fate," said Hannah.

"That shows how little you know, Hannah. 'The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away; blessed is the Lord.' He gave me some joys, and now that he has taken them away as a discipline to lead me toward a higher life, I do not complain."

"What a good woman you are, Martha," Hannah said.

"No, I am only a wicked sinner, but I try to do my duty toward the parson, and toward his lamb, whom her mother left in my charge," said Martha. "Bless her, there she comes now," she added looking out of the window.

Frances was a pale, slender woman, fragile as a lily, and only when excited or animated did her cheeks assume a faint color. Her eyes were dark blue, fringed with long, dark lashes, and her features were delicate and refined, so much so, they reminded one of a fine cut cameo. She was always slow and listless in her ways, but with a certain air of dignity, more fitting a woman of riper years. She had taken charge of her father's house since her mother's death, and presided over the table when they had company, discoursing with her father's friends so intelligently that they often marveled at her learning and remarked that she had an old head on young shoulders.

Frances had a deep admiration for Mrs. Scott, now somewhat faded, but who still retained sufficient grace and beauty to stamp her as a remarkably handsome woman. Added to Frances' admiration was a certain family pride in the former belle of Boston, and wife of the first Governor of Massachusetts, "Lady Hancock" as she was called at that time. And the good Bostonians never forgot the fact that Mrs. Scott had been the wife of the first Governor of Massachusetts, the noble patriot, who had done so much for his native State and the emancipation of the colonies from England's rule.

Mrs. Scott still kept up a certain style, al-

though she had never entertained much nor seen so much of society, since John Hancock's death, as her mind was more absorbed in family cares.

She kept a handsome equipage, and always dressed in the height of fashion, as it was her motto that a gentlewoman should pay due regard to her personal appearance. Distinguished visitors to Boston never omitted to pay their respects to "Lady Hancock," as she was still called, and in his last visit to America Lafayette went to see her. They recalled the friends of their youth, while both exulted in the growth and greatness of America.

Dorothy's second marriage had not found favor with her townspeople, who would have preferred that she should remain faithful to the memory of her first husband. And it was the consciousness of this fact which had aroused Captain Scott's ambition to win military or naval laurels in the Tripolitan war.

"Alas, Frances," Dorothy said one day. "If my lamented husband had not left the merchant service, he might still be alive. And what is the good of fame if acquired at the sacrifice of life and family ties!"

"I am surprised to hear you say so, Aunt Dorothy, for I thought you were always the most valiant during the Revolution in urging our brave men into the field," Frances replied.

"So I was, Frances, but that was twenty-five or thirty years ago. And you will find when you reach my age your views will change. But, no, I must not say so, for that is selfish and unbecoming to the relict of John Hancock,



one of the bravest patriots who ever lived. And if I now grieve at the loss of my second husband, who I hoped would go down into the valley of death with me hand in hand, and not leave me on earth to mourn his loss my grief is mitigated somewhat by the thought of the renown he won, and that his name figures worthily beside that of the valiant Decatur. Yes, my dear, glory and fame render a man immortal. And not for any personal consideration would I be willing to diminish their renown. Selfishness sometimes warps our judgment, and you have given me a lesson I shall take to heart, Frances."

"Oh, Aunt Dorothy, I never intended to say anything to hurt your feelings!" Frances exclaimed.

"I know you did not, but your words brought me to a realizing sense of my selfishness, my dear. But let us now talk of yourself, Frances. Why do you not get married? All your sisters were in their teens when they were married, and I believe you are nearly twenty-six or twenty-five, which is it?"

"No longer a girl, although as I am the youngest, people will never seem to realize that I am a woman, but they still call me a girl." Frances said.

"That is evading my question. Why do you not get married? You are old enough, surely," reiterated Mrs. Scott.

"Because in the first place I have never met a man who came up to my ideal, and in the second place I could not leave father," Frances replied.

"But your father will not live forever, and you ought to make hay while the sun shines, and marry some good man to shield you from the world when your father is no more. You would never feel happy to make your home with your married sisters, for they are so much taken up with their own families, I fear they would neglect you. It seems hard to speak of these matters, but you should face the situation, dear, and look out for the future," said Dorothy.

"Do not worry about me. Besides, Aunt Dorothy, I have a feeling that I am not long for this world," Frances replied.

"Nonsense, child, what makes you think so?" Mrs. Scott answered.

"Because I never feel perfectly strong and well, and it seems too great an exertion to live," Frances said.

"You must see the doctor. And now that I look at you, you do not look well. What have you been doing to yourself?" Mrs. Scott anxiously said.

"That is what Martha and Hannah Moody say, but I am sure I take good care of myself. Only I suppose I do stay up rather late with father, when he is writing his sermons. And I have had so much parochial work to do among the poor, I may have overtaxed my strength."

Too true, for consumption had fastened its fangs on Frances, and she went into a rapid decline, and preceded her sorrowing father to the grave, but only by a few months, for this last blow completely prostrated him, and he died shortly after.

## CHAPTER XXXV.

## BOSTON.

THE Revolutionary War changed the aspect as well as the customs of Boston greatly.

The favorite promenade of gentlewomen and gentlemen was on the Mall after dinner in colonial days, and a social evening at some friend's house, unless they attended the evening lecture. And the Mall, with fine shade trees on either side, and extending over a mile, was a fine place for a quiet stroll. The favorite pastime for gentlewomen was to drink tea and to gossip.

Theatrical amusements did not find favor until after the Revolution, and many new customs were introduced then.

The roads around Boston were quite good, and traveling was safe. All the wealthier families, as well as a great many of moderate means kept their own private carriages.

Mrs. Scott always rode to church in great state, and never omitted attendance at divine service if she were able to go, while she exacted a punctual discharge of this religious duty from all the members of her family.

Years passed on, and Mrs. Scott's sons and daughters were married. But she preferred

her own independence, and would not make her home with them, even when her increasing infirmities caused them to urge her to do so, in order that they might care for her all the more.

"No, my dears," she would say, "the old mother-bird must expect to see her nestlings desert their nest and make new homes for themselves. But I can never leave my own home which is so full of sweet as well as painful recollections for me. Every chair, every piece of furniture echoes past scenes of happiness or pleasure. If you wish, you may stay some time with me, but do not expect me to leave my own home. It would be like uprooting an old tree, which has grown so deeply into the earth it would die if removed from its native soil."

Dorothy dwelt more in the past than the present; her grandchildren would listen with wrapt attention to her stirring stories of the American Revolution.

"Follow the Golden Rule," my dears, "and let love of country be the mainspring of your life. The proudest heritage on earth is to be an American. Live up to your heritage and make American synonymous with goodness and greatness"—she often said to them.

THE END.

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